SWITZERLAND

BY OSCAR KUHNS

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Switzerland

Its Scenery, History, and Literary Associations

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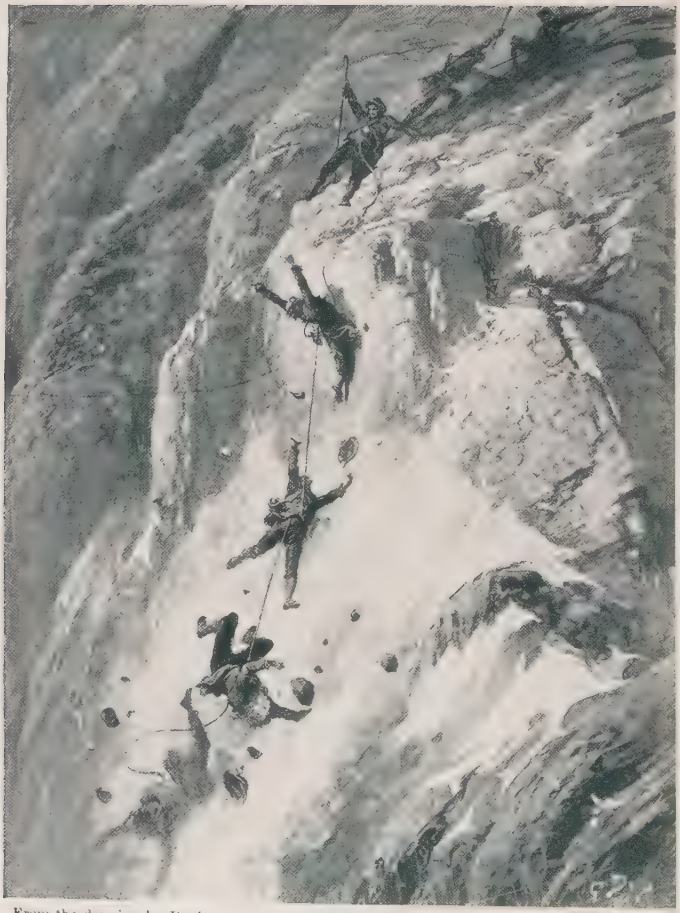

From the drawing by Doré.

See page 207.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.

Switzerland

Its Scenery, History, and Literary Associations

By

OSCAR KUHNS

PROFESSOR IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Author of "The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania: A Study of the So-called Pennsylvania Dutch"; "The Sense of the Infinite," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

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Second Edition

To the Memory

of

MY ANCESTORS

Who, leaving the hills and valleys of their native Switzerland, crossed the ocean, and in 1710 formed part of the first settlement of what was then an unbroken wilderness, but is now known as Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

PREFACE

THE first draft of this book was written at the request of the Editor of the *Chautauquan*, and was published in the August, 1908, number of that periodical, under the title, *A Reading Journey through Switzerland.* It was at the request of the present publisher that these articles were expanded into the form in which they now appear.

Whatever qualifications the author may or may not have for writing the book, he has one, at least, — a deep love for his ancestral fatherland, which has led him, not only to the study of her history, but to oft-repeated visits to the places mentioned herein. Long before the thought of writing the book was suggested to him, he found, not only renewed health and strength among the snow-covered Alps themselves, but many times since then,

> "in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration."

It is hoped that something of the same spirit may be communicated to others by the reading of this book.

Wesleyan University,
Middletown, Conn.

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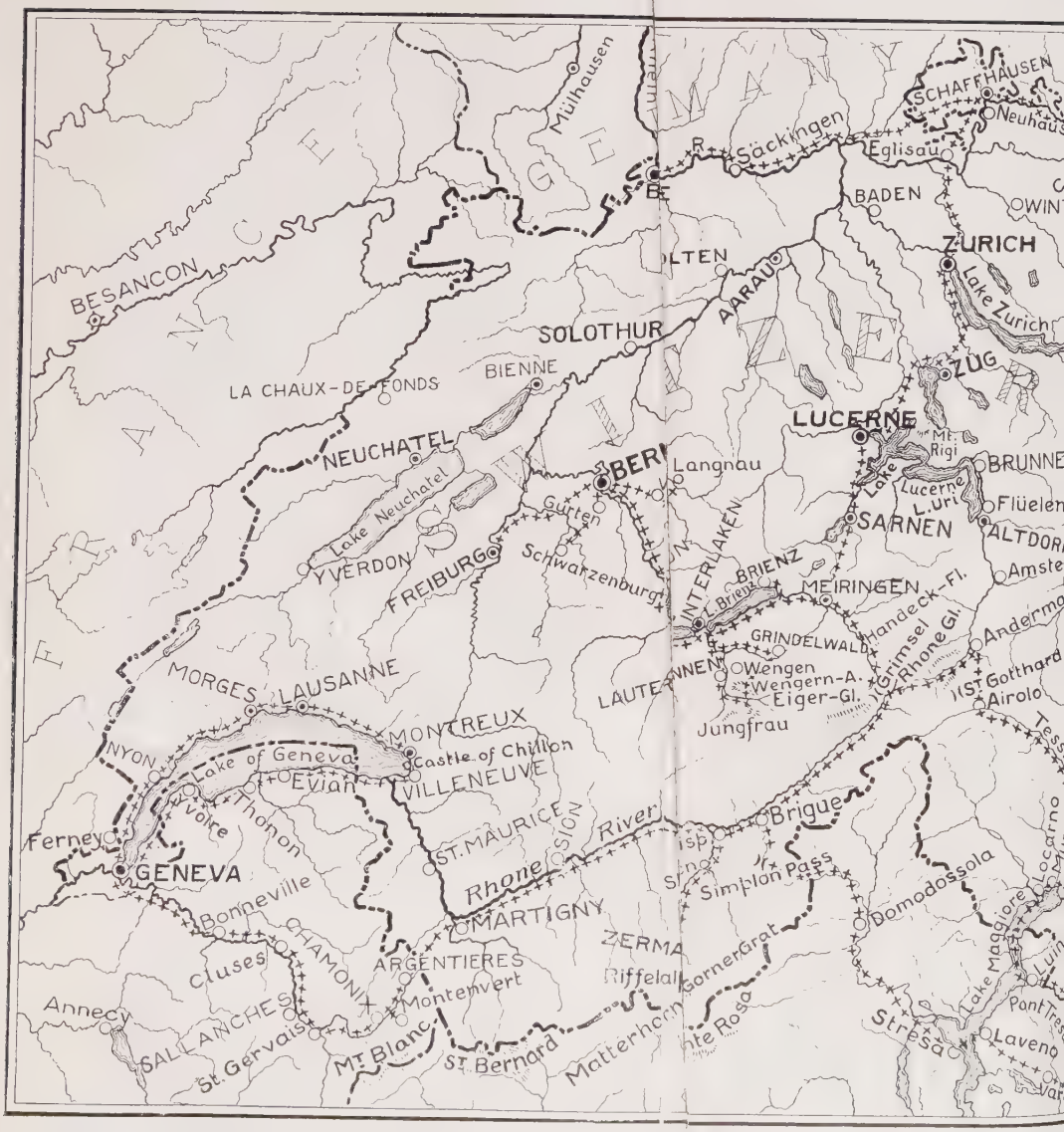

TZERLAND AND THE ITALIAN LAKES

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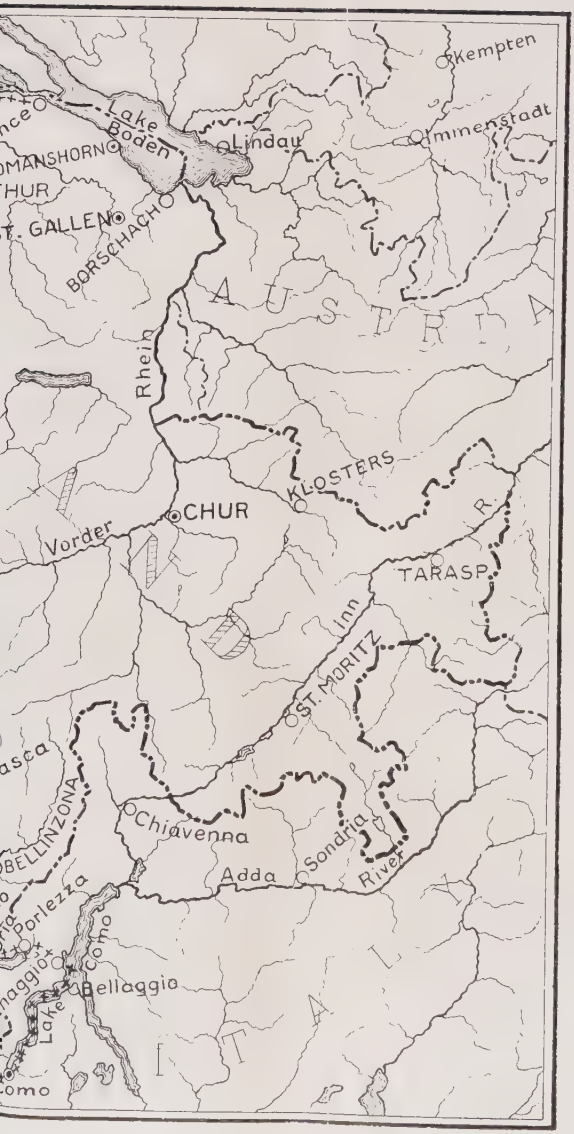
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Chiavenna
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Adda
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Como
ITALY

Switzerland: Its Scenery, History and Literary Associations

CHAPTER I

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

EACH of the countries of Europe usually visited by the American tourist has a peculiar charm of its own. We are drawn to England by its historical and literary associations; to France by its Gothic cathedrals, picturesque castles, and all the art treasures of its greatest city; to Italy by the strange contrast afforded by its world-ruins in the midst of a nature forever young; and to Germany by its quaint mediæval cities, and that "voice of the old Rhine, telling the eternal legend of dead generations, the crimes, exploits, grandeur, and decadence of the old robber-knights whose castles crown the heights on both sides of the historic stream."

It is hard for us to say which of these we love the most. Yet there is one country, which

we have not as yet mentioned and which has won the personal affection of a vast multitude of travellers to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other. Every year Switzerland, which has rightly been called by Leslie Stephen "the Playground of Europe," is becoming more and more popular. The tide of travel long ago filled up the lower zones, and now threatens to reach to the very summit of the Jungfrau, Monte Rosa, or even Mont Blanc itself, the highest of all the mountains of Europe. Everywhere you can see the mountain railroad, with its curiously shaped locomotive, crawling like a fly over the grassy slopes, or up the perpendicular sides of the precipices, its shrill whistle echoing along the narrow valleys or sounding faint and far from the distant mountain top.

Of all the reasons for this unique popularity of Switzerland there are three which especially deserve mention: its history, its legends, and its scenery.

The history of Switzerland is exceedingly interesting, though complicated. In the gradual development of a free republic, it resembles to a certain extent our own land, and exemplifies better, perhaps, even than England her-

self, how Freedom has slowly broadened down,

"From precedent to precedent."

The earliest inhabitants of the country belonged to prehistoric times, and the only traces left of them to-day are the few remnants of bones and utensils, found chiefly in the shallow part of the various lakes; for they were what is known as Lake-dwellers. At that time the country was one unbroken wilderness of trackless forests, inhabited by wild beasts, — bears, buffaloes, wolves, wild boar, and even the gigantic mammoth. To protect themselves from these and other enemies, the men of the Stone Age built their villages on piles, stretching out over the water of Lakes Geneva, Neufchâtel, Zürich, and others.

When the light of history dawns for the first time over Switzerland we see these early, Lapland-like inhabitants gone; and in their place, the whole country occupied by Celtic tribes, grouped together under the common name of Helvetii. They are a warlike race, living by means of fishing, agriculture, and cattle-raising, or plundering the territory of their neighbours. In common with the related

races in France and Great Britain they had their Druid-Priests, their Bards and their Judges, and worshipped the sacred oak, a worship not unstained by human sacrifice. Those who in their school-days, have toiled through the commentaries of Cæsar may yet remember the story of Orgetorix and Diviko, of the tremendous army of Helvetians that sought new homes in the sunnier lands to the south, and how Julius Cæsar met them, drove them back, and after slaying nearly four hundred thousand men, women, and children, reduced the land of the Helvetii, the Switzerland of to-day, to the condition of a Roman province. For four hundred years the process of Roman civilisation went on; the whole face of the country was changed; new cities were established; amphitheatres, temples, and palaces were built, remnants of which can be still seen; magnificent roads led over the mountain passes from Italy, some of them being continued as far as France and the Rhine in the north. Everywhere Roman customs, Roman art, and Roman laws were introduced, and — most important of all — the old pagan religion of the Celts now gave way to Christianity.

The next great change in the history of Switzerland occurs at the beginning of the fifth century and lasts for one hundred years. It is the period of the great *Völkerwanderung*, during which the Franks conquered Gaul, the Visigoths Spain, the Lombards and others northern Italy, and thus laid the foundation of the modern ethnography and geography of Europe. One of these German tribes was known as Alemanni, and having been prevented by the Franks, under Clovis, from advancing towards the west, they settled in what is now known as Swabia or Würtemberg, and then, overflowing the Rhine, spread through all the northern and eastern part of Switzerland, conquering the Romans, and forming the basis of the German-speaking inhabitants of Switzerland to-day.

A similar tribe of Germans, the Burgundians, had long been settled in France on the western slopes of the Alps, and conquering later the eastern slopes as well, they formed what is now known as Romance or French Switzerland. In similar manner the southern slopes of the Alps were settled by the German Lombards, from whom are descended the inhabitants of Italian Switzerland.

It would take us far out of our way to discuss even in the most general terms the subsequent history of Switzerland, to trace its vicissitudes under its various rulers, and its fortunes in peace and war. But running like an ever increasing stream all through its history is the development of a free, republican form of government.

All Switzerland, like the rest of western Europe, was included in the realm of Charlemagne; but when he died, and his unworthy descendants were unable to hold together the great empire he left, Switzerland too was divided and torn by conflicting claimants. The feudal system prevailed here likewise, with its lords and vassals and serfs. The western part of the country belonged to Burgundy, the middle and northern part was under the rule of the Duke of the Alemanni, while the highest authority still was considered as belonging to the Emperor himself.

The whole land was divided into districts or counties, the rulers of which were known as *Gaugrafen* or *Landgrafen*. Among these counts or earls was a certain Radbot, who, in order to keep his subjects better in check,

built, in the year 1020, on the Wülpelsberg not far from Brugg, a new castle called the Hapsburg. From this little castle dates the world-famous family of the Hapsburgs, which once ruled all Europe, and still occupies the imperial throne of Austria. The story of the rise of this family is a picturesque one, how little by little it added to its territories, how Rudolf, in 1273, became emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, — a proud, ambitious, all-compelling man, at whose coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Bishop of Bâle is said to have cried out, "Now, almighty God, settle thyself firmly on thy throne on high, else this Rudolf will cast thee therefrom."

In the meantime around the Lake of Lucerne, three quiet, obscure cantons had been formed, — Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, — inhabited by a rude, simple, but proud and independent race of herdsmen and hunters. This was especially true of Uri, which had received many rights and privileges from the Emperor before the advent of Rudolf, and was under the mild rule of the Abbess of Fraumünster. Twice a year she sent a Reichsvogt into the valley, where under the open sky, in the presence of the assembled population of free-

men, courts were held, taxes gathered, and other business done.

When the Hapsburgs came to the imperial power, this condition of things was changed, and constant encroachments and oppression threatened to reduce the primitive communities to a state of real servitude. Although they did nothing as long as Rudolf lived, yet at the news of his death in 1291, as if the matter had been planned long before, delegates from the three cantons, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, met together, and on August first, 1291, swore to what is known as the first Perpetual Pact.

This venerable document, the foundation of Swiss freedom, is worthy of being read and respected by all men, who see in History, as Hegel did, the ever advancing consciousness of freedom in the minds of mankind. "In the name of God, Amen"; it begins, "Honor and the public weal are promoted when leagues are concluded for the proper establishment of quiet and peace. Therefore, know all men, that the people of the valley of Uri, and the democracy of the valley of Schwyz, and the community of the Mountaineers of the Lower Valley (Unterwalden),

seeing the malice of the age, in order that they may better defend themselves and their own, and better preserve them in proper condition, have promised in good faith to assist each other with aid, with every counsel, and every favor, with person and goods, within the valleys and without, with might and main, against one and all, who may inflict upon any one of them any violence, molestation or injury, or may plot any evil against their persons or goods. And in every case, each community has promised to succor the other, when necessary, at its own expense, as far as needed in order to withstand the attacks of evil-doers, and to avenge injuries; to this end they have sworn a bodily oath to keep this without guile, and to renew by these presents the ancient form of the league. Yet in such a manner that every man, according to his rank, shall obey and serve his overlord, as it behooves him." And then after a few brief details, in which they promised to help one another against every foe, to recognise no stranger as their judge, to settle quarrels among themselves by means of arbitrators, and to contribute both men and money to the common cause, the document ends as follows: "the

above written statutes, decreed for the common weal and health, shall endure forever, God willing."

From this small beginning has come the great Swiss Confederacy of to-day. One by one, as the years went by, the other cantons joined the union, Lucerne in 1332, Zürich, in 1351, Glarus and Zug in 1352, Bern in 1353. After the glorious victories against the Burgundians, Freiburg and Solothurn joined them (1481). After the Swabian war, which finally freed Switzerland from the German Empire, Bâle and Schaffhausen (1501), and Appenzell (1513) joined the Confederation. Under Napoleon's mediation in 1803, the cantons of St. Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, and Vaud, were added. Only after the fall of the Helvetian Republic, a child of the French Revolution, did Geneva, Neufchâtel, and Valais round out the whole number.

But all this did not happen peacefully. The progress of Swiss freedom is marked by terrible struggles and glorious victories, which made the Swiss soldiers feared and admired by all the world. There was the battle of Morgarten, November 15, 1315, in which the

soldiers of the infant republic received the baptism of blood, and in which the proud nobles of Austria, who formed the flower of the hostile forces, were slain almost to a man.

The circumstances leading up to this famous battle were as follows: in 1313 the Emperor Henry died, and the whole Empire was split into two parts over the question of electing his successor; and when Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, the enemy of Duke Frederick of Austria was chosen, the flames of war burst out over all the land. The inhabitants of Canton Schwyz took sides with Duke Ludwig against the House of Austria. At the same time the old feud between them and the Cloister of Einsiedeln, broke out again. In mid-winter, they attacked the monastery, plundered it, and took and carried to Schwyz as prisoners the noble-born monks, who were all loyal subjects of the house of Austria. It was to avenge all these insults that the young Duke Leopold gathered together a notable army of horse and foot and marched toward Schwyz. To oppose this invasion, Schwyz had but a small army, four hundred of whom were furnished by their friends in Uri, and three hundred by those in Unter-

walden. At this time there lived in Schwyz an old soldier, experienced in war, Rudolf Reding von Bibereck. He advised the Swiss to select some position where the army could not take advantage of their numbers. Morgarten, on Lake Aegeri was chosen, where the road was hemmed in by the lake on one side, and by steep declivities on the others. On these heights the army of the three Cantons, thirteen hundred in number, were posted. It is said that Duke Leopold full of pride and confidence as he looked over the ranks of his army, asked the court fool how his war-plan pleased him, to which the fool answered: "I'm not pleased at all. You have discussed a long time how you could enter the land, but not at all how you could get out."

And so on the morning of November 15, 1315, the Austrian troops marched on, the brilliantly dressed cavalry gaily prancing ahead. The road became more and more narrow, till only two or three horsemen could ride abreast. All at once a shower of stones and blocks of wood fell upon them from the heights, and looking up they saw the enemy rushing down at them with wild shouts. The Austrians were startled and crowded back upon those who

came after them; a wild confusion ensued, during which the Swiss rushed upon them and with their halberds and battle-axes, began a frightful massacre. "Back, back!" cried those in front, which those in the rear took as an invitation to flee; and so a mad flight of horses and men began, in which multitudes of men were cut down by the pursuing enemy, while others were drowned in the blue waters of Lake Aegeri. The Duke escaped and arrived, pale and dishevelled, at Winterthur. The loss on the part of the Swiss was small, that of the enemy was great, and many a noble house saw no more those who had set forth so short a time before, full of life and pride and power of chivalry. This battle was the baptism of blood for the Three Cantons, and resulted in their receiving from the Emperor Ludwig, a year later, the solemn ratification of their freedom, and a declaration of their complete independence from the House of Austria.

Another famous battle was that of Laupen, June 21, 1339, which marks for the city of Bern, the beginning of her power and prosperity. This ever growing prosperity of the city, had been a constant source of discontent

with the outlying nobility. And so Count Rudolf of Nidau gathered together all the enemies of Bern, and a powerful army was formed—among the leaders being the Duke of Austria. Bern made overtures of peace: they were refused. A small group of men, carefully chosen, garrisoned the small town of Laupen, at the confluence of the Sense and the Saane. Their leader Johann von Bubenberg, swore to give up his life and property for the defence of Laupen. Count Rudolf von Erlach was chosen leader of the main army of Bern, which, strengthened by recruits from the three Forest Cantons, amounted to something over five thousand men. They marched out toward Laupen, where the little garrison was. Only the old men, women and children were left in Bern. The battle began; at first there was a movement of retreat on the part of the Bernese; when Rudolf von Erlach, making his own way through the ranks cried out: "Where are now the young men, who, daily in Bern, adorned with flowers, were the first at dance and feast? Come forward and be as a solid wall around the banner of your city." With loud cries of "Ho, for Bern! Ho, for Erlach!" they rushed forward with irresistible force,

and in a short time the enemy were put to flight. The next day, laden with booty and carrying aloft the conquered banners, they entered the city, amid the shouts and rejoicing of all.

As already said, this victory was the beginning of the prosperity of Bern. Little by little the surrounding territory was added to it, treaties were made, and rights were gained from the Emperor Charles IV and his followers.

There was also the battle of Sempach, July 9, 1386, where Arnold von Winkelried of Unterwalden, at a critical moment, is said to have won the day for his companions at the sacrifice of his own life. Here again we have the old feud between the confederates and Austria. This time it was Lucerne which was the object of the attack of the Austrian army. The Duke Leopold had been harassed a number of times by the inhabitants of the city, and finally open warfare began. The Duke raised a large army, burned the town of Willisau, and advanced by way of Sursee and Sempach on to Lucerne. The army of the Confederacy was encamped on the heights above Sempach. The Austrian army devastated the crops about the little city, and sar-

castically demanded pay for the harvesters. On July 9, 1386, the decisive battle was fought. The sun was hot, the air close, not a cloud was in the sky. The nobles of the Austrian army, encumbered by their heavy armour, had dismounted from their horses, and had arranged themselves in a long battle line, with sixteen foot spears held before them. Down from the heights rushed the Swiss, and flung themselves against this wall of solid spears. Again and again they tried in vain to break the serried ranks. Many of them lay bleeding on the ground. Already the Austrians began to make a flanking movement in order to enclose the little army. The day seemed lost to them, when suddenly a gigantic figure sprang forward, Arnold von Winkelried of Unterwalden, crying out, "I will make a road for you, dear friends; care for my wife and children." So saying, he gathered together a number of spears in his arms, pressed them to his breast, and fell with them to the ground.[1] Spurred on by

[1] Cf. the well-known poem of James Montgomery: —

"Make way for liberty," he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty," they cry,

this act of heroism, his companions rushed forward through the opening made, striking to the ground the Austrian soldiers right and left, and in a short time the victory was won. The noblest youth fell dead, — the Hapsburgs, the von Hallwyls, von Aarbergs, and many others. Then Leopold himself cried out, "So many a noble lord has met his death for me, I will with them also die as a brave man should." And he too fell slain, at the early age of thirty-four years.

This important battle spread the fame of the Swiss soldiers far and wide, beyond the frontiers of Switzerland itself.

Finally there were the glorious victories against Charles the Bold of Burgundy, — the battle of Grandson, March 2, 1476, when a rich booty fell into the hands of the Swiss, horses, flags, tents, precious stones, garments, and stuffs of silver and gold; the battle of Murten, the 22nd of June of the same year;

And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all: —
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

and the battle of Nancy, January 5, 1477, where Charles himself was slain, having as the old rhyme puts it, lost

Bei Grandson das Gut,
Bei Murten den Mut,
Bei Nancy das Blut.
(At Grandson his wealth, at Murten his courage, at Nancy his life.)

Inextricably mingled with this history are the legends which form so peculiar a feature of the annals of Switzerland. Even to-day the peasants of the Canton Schwyz and the Hasli Valley will tell you that they are the descendants of a band of Swedes who, many centuries ago, driven by famine, left their native land in the far north, and made their way over the whole length of Germany, until they finally reached the secluded valleys where their descendants are still supposed to live.

This old tradition is found often repeated in the annals of the land, as in a writing by Felix Hemmerlin, written 1436–1446; in the chronicle of Puntiner of Uri (1474), the Bernese Eulogius Kiburger (1450), and others. Schiller, in his *William Tell*, makes Stauffacher give the story of this mythical immigration

in the following lines: "List to the story told by shepherds in the olden time. There was a mighty race, far in the land toward the midnight sun, — suffering from dearth and famine. A lot was drawn and every tenth man was forced to leave the land of his fathers. And so, with lamentations, men and women, a great army of them, moved toward the south, fighting their way through the lands of the Germans, until they reached the forest-covered mountains of Switzerland. So they came to the wild valley, where now the Muotta flows through green meadows. Here they found no trace of humankind. Only one hut stood lonely on the shore, and there sat a man and plied the trade of ferryman. The lake was rough, nor was there any chance to cross it. And so they looked more closely at the land in which they found themselves, — saw the riches of the forest trees, the springs of fresh water, and it seemed as if they were in their own native land. And so they resolved to settle down, and they built the ancient village of Schwyz; and had many a day of hardship in clearing the land. Later when the population grew too numerous, they emigrated over the Schwarzen Berg into Weiss-

land, where behind the everlasting walls of ice, — another people speaks in other tongues. And so they founded Stanz am Kernwald and Altdorf in the valley of the Reuss."

Among the names dearest to the hearts of the Swiss are those of Arnold Winkelried and William Tell. We have just seen how the former heroically sacrificed his life for his country at Sempach. To-day a monument to him stands on the field of battle. But alas! modern scholarship has had to perform the unwelcome task of proving that this beautiful story is nothing but a myth.

Everybody knows, through Schiller, the story of William Tell. The original account is found in the old chronicle of Ægidius Tschudi. He tells how after Duke Albert of Austria had become Emperor, he used this position in order to make good certain claims in the Forest Cantons, and to unite these lands to the hereditary possessions of Austria. The Forest Cantons objected. But the Emperor sent two governors Herman Gessler of Brunigg and Beringer of Landenberg, the latter making his headquarters in Sarnen, the former in Küssnach.

Both soon showed themselves to be tyrants.

They oppressed the people with new taxes, and in other ways. The smallest offences were severely punished and they personally indulged in all manner of license and cruelty.

Bitterly angered at all these acts of oppression, the most distinguished men in the land, Werner Stauffacher, Heinrich von der Halden, Walter Fürst, and others, met secretly in the Rütli, a lonely meadow surrounded by forests at the foot of the Seelisberg. Here they swore solemnly to act in concert in all things; to defend their ancient liberties; to pay henceforth only their just taxes; and to drive the imperial bailiff out of the land.

In the meantime, Gessler, in order to test the obedience of the people, had a hat set up in the public place at Altdorf, ordering that all those who passed by, should take off their own hats, in salutation of the emblem of Gessler's authority. Then came William Tell, who passed by without saluting it. He was captured and taken before the vogt. The latter said to him, "I know you are a good shot, therefore you shall shoot an apple from the head of your son. But take good aim, or both you and he are lost." Tell obeyed and succeeded in shooting the apple.

But Gessler seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what his purpose was with the arrow. "To shoot you, if I had shot my son," was Tell's answer. Pale with anger Gessler ordered him to be bound, placed on a boat and carried over to Küssnach, there to be flung into a dungeon. While they were crossing the lake, a storm arose, and as Tell was the only man who could steer the boat safely to land, he was unbound. But when the bark approached the shore, Tell, carefully choosing his moment, leaped ashore, at the same time pushing the boat back into the lake, and thus escaped. A few days afterward he lay in ambuscade for Gessler in the Hohle Gasse, near Küssnach, and shot him as he passed by.

Such is this famous story, which although so well known, we have thought worth while to give here in the simple narration of old Ægidius Tschudi.

Surely no more inspiring and beautiful story can be found in the annals of any nation. A cry of indignation rose from the whole Swiss people when, a few years ago, Eutychius Kopp proved conclusively that William Tell never existed; that this story was only a local

THE WILLIAM TELL CHAPEL.

version of a legend common to all Aryan peoples.

Yet the Swiss will never cease to revere the name of William Tell. To-day his spirit hovers over every foot of the fair region about Lake Lucerne; and it was no mere sentiment, but an act of the truest political wisdom, when the Swiss government a short time ago, on the occasion of Schiller's centenary, gave to each one of the school children of the land, nearly two hundred thousand in all, a copy of the poet's *William Tell.* For thus the memory of their great national hero is kept alive, and for centuries to come his name will still be potent to infuse into the heart of the youth of Switzerland, new zeal and determination to do and die for the Fatherland.

While far less romantic than the older history of Switzerland, that of recent times is no less interesting to Americans; for it is the only country in Europe that bears close resemblance in its political and social life to our own country. It has had its war of Rebellion, just as the United States; for the Federation which was formed after the fall of Napoleon, was so unsatisfactory that a new Federation was formed in 1847, consisting of seven states,

which attempted to secede from the old government, and these were put down only by force of arms. The new and more perfect form of Confederation adopted in 1848, limited the independent power of the separate states, gave the same rights to all Swiss in the courts, turned over to the central government the control of military service, taxation, post-office, coinage, measures, etc. Inasmuch as the Swiss imitated the constitution of our own land, it is natural that we should find many resemblances between the two governments, both having a House of Representatives, a Senate, a President and his Cabinet, a Supreme Court, etc. But at the same time the Swiss took care to adopt all these features in a form which suited their particular needs; hence there are a number of minor differences between the two governments. But the great difference is that of the Referendum and the Initiative, something which has had no counterpart in our own country, until very recently, and has proved to be very successful in applying in modern times the ancient Teutonic principle of direct government.

It is not surprising, in view of their long training, that the Swiss people of to-day offer

the spectacle of a prosperous, united, highly cultivated state. The people themselves are not only freer and better educated than many of their neighbours, but are on the whole of the highest religious and moral character. Many Americans have felt that here is a nation more like their own people than any other on the continent of Europe.

CHAPTER II

THE MOUNTAIN GLORY AND THE MOUNTAIN GLOOM

BUT after all it is not the history or the legends of Switzerland that have made it so popular, but rather the extraordinary beauty and charm of its scenery. Sir Leslie Stephen has entitled his interesting collection of essays on Swiss mountain-climbing, *The Playground of Europe*. And the name is well chosen. Many distinguished men of all lands and occupations come here to rest from their arduous labours, and to regain new health and strength. Every summer scholars, scientists, clergymen, and men of letters, climb the lofty mountains, and go back, renewed in body and spirit, to resume their work in the home land.

But even for those who are not mountain climbers, Switzerland exerts a powerful attraction. Many come hither in search of health, such as the late John Addington Symonds,

who has written what is perhaps the best article on the love of the Alps: "Of all the joys in life," he says, "none is greater than the joy of arriving on the outskirts of Switzerland at the end of a long, dusty day's journey from Paris. It is about Mülhausen that we begin to feel a change in the landscape. The fields broaden into rolling downs, watered by clear and running streams; pines begin to tuft the slopes of gently rolling hills; and now the sun has set, the stars come out, and we feel, yes there is no mistake, the well-known, well-loved, magical fresh air that never fails to blow from snowy mountains and meadows watered by perennial streams."

Others come for comfort in affliction, to find the peace and quiet that always seem to dwell among the high mountains. Thus Matthew Arnold, when sorrowing over a disappointed love, flies hitherward, and as the train approaches the Alpine world, cries out:

"Hark! fast by the windows,
The rushing winds go,
To the ice-cumbered gorges,
The vast seas of snow!
There the torrents drive upward
Their rock-strangled hum;

There the avalanche thunders
The hoarse torrent dumb.
I come, O ye mountains,
Ye torrents, I come!"

Still others find here æsthetic pleasure, inspiration to art or song. Every lover of poetry will remember Coleridge's *Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamonix*, Byron's descriptions of the Alps in his *Manfred*, and Ruskin's famous chapters on the mountain gloom and the mountain glory. Ruskin himself was born with the mountain fever in his blood. To this he attributed a great influence over his whole life. In a well-known passage of his *Præterita*, he tells how he saw the Alps for the first time; and adds, "I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them and every thought that has in it help or peace."

So universal is this feeling to-day that it is hard for us to realise that it has not always existed; yet a brief glance at the past will show that the love of the Alps is of compara-

tively recent origin. The modern attitude toward nature differs from that of the ancients, especially in regard to the wilder aspects thereof. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans looked on mountains as adding any beauty to the landscape, except on the horizon, where distance was supposed to "lend enchantment to the view." As Humboldt says in his *Kosmos:* "Of the everlasting snow of the Alps as it reddens in the light of the setting or rising sun, of the beauty of the azure ice of the glacier, of all the grandeur of Swiss landscapes, not a single description has come down to us from antiquity." The same statement is true of the Middle Ages, during the whole course of which the only sentiments inspired by wild mountainous scenery were those of antipathy. It is an interesting fact that of the many thousands who crossed the Alps in either direction, not one, whether poet, painter, scholar, or merchant, had a good word for the scenery through which he passed. The eminent Italian scholar Leonardo Bruni (1369–1444) says: "When I looked upon these eternal and enormous mountain masses, deep horror seized upon me, and I even now cannot think of them without a shudder"; and one

hundred years later Sebastian Münster (1489–1552) declared that as he stood on the Gemmi Pass he shuddered "even to his very bones."

But a change in the attitude of the world toward the Alps had begun. Already in the sixteenth century, the famous botanist Konrad Gessner of Zürich declared that as long as God gave him life he had resolved to climb one or more mountains every year, partly to study the Alpine flora, partly to strengthen his bodily health and refresh his mind. In 1624 John Jacob Grasser of Bâle praises the mountains; from 1702–1711 the Zürich physician Jacob Scheuchzer with his pupils made and described many Alpine trips. In 1729 appeared Haller's volume of poetry on *Die Alpen*, which was so popular that in 1777 it had run through thirty editions. This celebrated book drew the attention of all Europe to Switzerland, and started that admiration which has been growing ever since. Yet even this admiration was different from the modern mountain worship as it is seen in Wordsworth and Ruskin. The earlier travellers to Switzerland confined their attention chiefly to the manners and customs of the country, and what they most admired was the simple life

and the idyllic happiness of the primitive pastoral people, such as they had seen them in Haller's poetry and such as they had tried to find them again in actual life. Even so enthusiastic a lover of nature as Klopstock, who visited Zürich in 1750, showed, to Bodmer's astonishment, no curiosity to view the Alps, either from near or far. Goethe's admiration sounds somewhat perfunctory, and in his *Letters from Switzerland*, instead of describing the beauty of Geneva, he gives the story of an adventure that no self-respecting man of to-day would dare to relate. Even after Rousseau had given the impulse to the deeper love for the mountains, voices in protest were heard here and there. In 1760, the year in which the *Nouvelle Héloise* was published, the Bernese Gruner said of Guttanen in the Haslithal, which to-day everybody finds so picturesque, "Here nature has gathered together everything fearful and hideous"; and ten years later George Füssli found nothing but a "horrible mountain" in Engelberg, which "loftily and prettily situated," as Baedeker puts it, attracts thousands of visitors every year. Even Chateaubriand, the great apostle of nature worship in France, declares that while

mountains were all right as forming a background, yet the feelings excited by their ruggedness and sterility were painful. "Let no one ask me," he says, "to admire the long rocky ridges, the precipices, the ravines, the windings in and out of the Alpine Valleys."

As we shall see later, it was Rousseau who gave the mightiest impulse to the love of the Alps, and he is the forerunner of all that vast army of worshippers who come yearly to the various mountain resorts, in order to worship the spirit that hovers about these "eldest altars of creation," as Goethe calls them.

Whence comes this compelling charm? It is not altogether from their picturesqueness, says Toeppfer, nor the gigantic wonders which attract the eye. "Novelty, yes, without a doubt, especially for the denizens of cities. The aspect so like that of death, solitude, eternal silence; our own existence, so frail, so fleeting, but living and endowed with thought, with will and affection, placed in contact with inanimate existence and the mute grandeur of these beings without life. Hence come, it seems to me, the vague thoughts which charm and stir the soul while gazing on these things; poetry, indistinct but mighty,

and which for the very reason that it directs our thoughts towards the great mysteries of creation, captivates and elevates the soul. More than one man who has forgotten God upon the plains, remembers him again among the mountains."

After all it is the same spirit that reveals itself in all times, the feeling of religion inspired by the higher altitudes. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help," sang the Psalmist; Saint Francis of Assisi was filled with the *desiderium collium aeternum*, which led him from time to time to leave the busy haunts of men, and seek the quiet hermitage of La Verna; and it was the same charm which made Petrarch love to say his midnight prayers among the moonlit hills.

No one has better expressed in poetry the essence of the spiritual influence of the mountains than the following lines of a recent writer:

"I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me!
The wind roars over them, singing up from the sea!
They have cowls of the mist, and rain for their garments grey;
The world's a dream, where ever the death-bells toll;
There is nothing that lives, they say, but God and the soul.
I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
And not have all the world a trouble to me."

In the village of Zermatt there is a little churchyard, where repose the bodies of those who have died a violent death among the mountains; there we find the graves of the victims of the great disaster which marked the first ascent of the Matterhorn, Michel Croz, Hudson, and the youthful Hadow, on whose tomb we read the pathetic inscription placed there by his parents, "Ita, Pater, quoniam sic fuit placitum ante te." Other graves show us likewise the tragic side of the mountains, — show us that the mountain glory has its accompaniment in the mountain gloom.

For as we look over the annals of Switzerland we find them strewn with the records of disaster, to individuals or to whole villages and cities. Avalanches, landslides, floods, and fire have from time to time swept over the land.

There are the numerous disasters due to avalanches, such as that one in which the guide Bennen found such a beautiful death, on the Haut de Cry in February, 1864, a description of which forms one of the most interesting chapters of Professor John Tyndall's *Hours of Exercise among the Alps.* They were crossing a snow-filled couloir, and

had gotten nearly across, when they "heard a deep cutting sound. The snow-field split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow, not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued; it lasted but a few seconds, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice, 'Wir sind alle verloren' (We are all lost). His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt what was really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow, and brought the weight of my body to bear on it. I then waited. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head towards Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing. To my astonishment, I saw him turn round, face the valley, and stretch out both arms. The speed of the avalanche increased rapidly, and before long I was covered up with snow and in utter darkness. Then with a jerk I came to the surface again. I was on a wave of the avalanche and saw it before me as I was carried down. It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow, and far before me the thunderings of the foremost part of the

avalanche." The narrator of this story was saved himself, but Bennen was dead, and there deep in the snow of the avalanche "was the grave of the bravest guide the Valais ever had or ever will have."

This touching scene has been made into a symbol by Edward Rowland Sill, in his beautiful poem entitled *Truth at Last:*

"Does a man ever give up hope, I wonder,—
Face the grim fact, seeing it clear as day?
When Bennen saw the snow slip, heard its thunder
Low, louder, roaring round him, felt the speed
Grow swifter as the avalanche hurled downward,
Did he for just one heart-throb—did he indeed
Know with all certainty, as they swept onward,
There was the end, where the crag dropped away?
Or did he think, even till they plunged and fell,
Some miracle would stop them? Nay, they tell
That he turned round, face forward, calm and pale,
Stretching his arms out toward his native vale
As if in mute, unspeakable farewell,
And so went down.—'Tis something, if at last,
Though only for a flash, a man may see
Clear-eyed the future as he sees the past,
From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusion free.

Among other catastrophes in Switzerland we may mention the sinking of the lower part of the city of Zug into the Lake in 1887; and

the great landslide, September 2, 1806, whose trace can still be seen in Arth Goldau, when a great mass of the opposite Rossberg suddenly fell, buried over a hundred buildings and brought instantaneous death to nearly five hundred men.

Again there is the terrible story of the destruction of the village of Haut Châtillon (Gestelen), February 18, 1720, when at night an avalanche swallowed half the village with its inhabitants, while the rest was carried away or destroyed by the fire which burst out amid the confusion. The victims were buried in a common grave, and to-day the pensive traveller can still read the pathetic inscription:

"Dear God! What sorrow! Eighty-eight in a single tomb!"

So too there is the total destruction of Meiringen, when the dreaded Föhn blew over it with its fiery breath, and left it a mass of smouldering ashes; and finally there is that awful disaster in the village of Elm in the Canton of Glarus, September 11, 1881, the greatest and most famous of all Alpine landslides. There was a mountain that overtopped the village, the Plattenbergkopf, with a precipitous side and a wooded summit, that

faced the traveller coming up the valley. About half way up the mountain there is a bed of fine slate, and for years the natives had quarried this slate, which proved a source of profit to the whole community. From time to time warnings were given as to the danger of thus undermining the steep hill; cracks opened overhead in all directions; in 1879, a huge crevasse split the mountain from side to side, and gradually widened as the years went on. By August, 1881, it was between twelve and fifteen feet wide. But still the people refused to realise the danger. On September 7, masses of rock began to fall from the hill, strange noises were heard in its bowels, and finally work was suspended. All through the tenth, and the morning of the eleventh of September, every quarter of an hour or so, falls of rock occurred and the mountain groaned and rumbled incessantly. The eleventh of September was a wet Sunday. The boys of the village were full of excitement, and could hardly be kept from going up to the hill. In the afternoon, a number of men gathered at an inn in the upper village, just at the foot of the labouring mountain, to watch the falls. Another group of persons

gathered at a relative's house to celebrate a christening. Many of the people in the lower village were quite uninterested, and were engaged in their ordinary domestic duties. Suddenly at 5:15 p. m. a mass of the mountain broke away from the Plattenbergkopf. The ground bent and broke up, the trees upon it nodded and folded together, and the rock engulfed them in its bosom, as it crashed down over the quarry, shot across the streams and spread itself out on the flats. No one was killed by this fall, though the débris reached within a dozen yards of the inn where the sightseers were gathered. The inhabitants of the upper village now began to be a little frightened. They made preparations for moving the aged and sick. People came from the lower village to help or to see or to talk. Some went into their houses to shut the windows and keep out the dust. No one was in any hurry. This first fall came from the east side of the Plattenbergkopf; seventeen minutes later a second and larger fall descended from the west side. The gashes made by the two united below the peak, and left its enormous mass isolated and without support. During the four minutes that followed the

second fall every one seems to have been running about, but believing that the worst was over. Then those who were watching the mountain from a distance, beheld the whole upper portion of the Plattenbergkopf, 10,000,000 cubic metres of rock, suddenly shoot from the hillside. The forest upon it bent like a field of corn in a wind before being swallowed up; "the trees became mingled together like a flock of sheep." The mass slid or rather shot down with extraordinary velocity, till its foot reached the quarry. Then the upper part leaped forward horizontally straight across the valley, and on to the Düniberg. People in suitable positions could at this moment clearly see through beneath it to the hills beyond. People in the upper village could be seen racing about wildly. The falling mass looked so vast it seemed as if it were going to fill up the valley. A cloud of dust accompanied it and a great wind was flung before it, which swept across the valley, and overthrew the houses like haystacks. Hay, furniture, and the bodies of men were mingled with the ruins of houses in the air.

The avalanche shot with incredible swiftness across the valley. It pitched on to the

Düniberg, struck it obliquely, and was thus deflected down the level and fertile valley-floor which it covered in a few seconds, to the distance of nearly a mile and over its whole width, with a mass of rock débris, more than thirty feet thick. The internal friction of the mass and the friction between it and the ground were insignificant forces compared with the tremendous momentum that was generated by the fall. The stuff flowed like liquid. The roar of the fall ceased suddenly; silence and stillness supervened. Survivors stood stunned where they were. Nothing moved. Then a great cry and wailing arose in the part of the village that was left.

This graphic account, which has been abridged from a chapter in Conway's *The Alps from End to End,* will give, more than all statistics could do, some idea of the awful forces sleeping amid the grandeur and beauty of the Alpine world.

In the preceding pages we have seen that the love for the mountains is something modern. No phase of this love is so entirely modern however as the sport of mountain-climbing pure and simple. This is something entirely unknown in antiquity, the Middle Ages and

even later centuries. Probably the first man ever to climb a high mountain for the sake of the view, was Petrarch, at least his account of the ascent of Mt. Ventoux is the first detailed description of such a trip.

Nearly five hundred years were to pass before we meet with a similar detailed description of a mountain ascent. We have seen how in general the love for mountains has become universal in our days. Yet this is frequently a mountain worship from a distance. For tens of thousands who visit the Alps there is not one true mountaineer. To most people the pleasures, the benefits and the charm of pure mountain-climbing are unknown. Even the great apostle of the mountain glory, Mr. Ruskin, puts professional mountain-climbing on a level with climbing greased poles. Others think the risks encountered and the loss of life which frequently occurs as sufficient grounds against what appears to them reckless disregard for their own and others' safety.

Of course this danger has been very largely diminished in recent years, and some undoubtedly regard it as a negligible quantity. Yet it is undoubtedly true that every year

many accidents do occur. A summer or two ago I made a note of all the accidents recorded in the Swiss papers, and was surprised to see how large the number was, and how easy it is to lose one's life among the mountains. There was a man from Milan, who fell over a precipice in descending from the Sciora Hut and instantly killed; there was the student from Strasbourg who fell from the Weissen-wand and was killed; there were the three men, two from Zürich, and one from Bern, who fell from the Gabelhorn and were killed. These and others, occurred among the high mountains. But other accidents occurred on the ordinary mountain rocks. Thus August 30, two Parisians in crossing the Tête Noire fell over a precipice and were killed; and a French lady descending the Mauvais Pas on the other side of the Mer de Glace, slipped and fell to her death in a place traversed by crowds of tourists every day.

Thus danger does exist. And yet in spite of it all mountain-climbing is becoming a more and more fascinating exercise every year. Of the best known of mountain experts, the larger number are English, and some of the classic books on this subject have been written

in English. Such are Whymper's *Scrambles among the Alps*, Tyndall's *Hours of Exercise among the Alps*, Leslie Stephen's *The Playground of Europe* and Mummery's *My Climbs in the Alps and the Caucasus*. It is interesting and valuable to read what these and other men say of the pleasures and benefits of this most strenuous of all sports.

In the first place there is the vast view which spreads out before the eyes of those who have reached the summit of a high mountain after infinite pains. Even uneducated men are deeply impressed by this. One of Whymper's guides, Luc Meynet, the hump-back, when he reached the Col of the Matterhorn, fell to his knees in adoration and wept with enthusiasm on the rocks, at the sight of the vast panorama he beheld for the first time. And some years later when he reached the summit of the Matterhorn, he is said to have exclaimed that he could hear the angels singing and he could now die happy.

But after all it is not the view alone that is their reward. It is the joy of conquest over difficulties of all kinds, the deep rest that comes after violent exertion, the sense of peace that dwells alone among the high moun-

tains. A blind man who reached the summit of the Matterhorn had the same experience as his companions.

But there is a charm in the very exertion, in the dangers themselves, in the thrill that comes over one when crawling along the narrow edge of ice or rock, with a tremendous abyss dropping away thousands of feet on either side. This situation is admirably described by Sir Leslie Stephen. "Behind you the snow-slope sinks with perilous steepness toward the wilderness of glacier and rock through which the ascent has lain. But in front, the ice sinks with even greater steepness for a few feet or yards. Then it curves over and disappears, and the next thing that the eye catches is the meadowland of Grindelwald, some nine thousand feet below. The tingling, creeping sensation which passes through one's limbs, even when one knows oneself to be in perfect safety, testifies to the thrilling influence of the sight."

Then again there is a charm in the strange silence and utter loneliness far up above the habitation of man. "Not a sound comes there except the occasional fall of a splintered fragment of rock or a layer of snow; no stream is

heard trickling, and the sounds of animal life are left thousands of feet below. The most that you can hear is some mysterious noise made by the wind eddying round the gigantic rocks; sometimes a strange flapping sound, as if an unearthly flag was shaking its invisible fold in air. The enormous tract of country over which your view extends, most of it dim and almost dissolved into air by distance, intensifies the strange influence of the silence. You feel the force of the line from Wordsworth,

'The sleep that is among the lonely hills.'

None of the travellers whom you can see crawling at your feet has the least conception of what is meant by the silent solitude of the High Alps."

And so these men answer indignantly the charge of ostentation, of false enthusiasm, of desire for notoriety. "I say," says Sir Leslie, "that I enjoy being on the top of a mountain, or indeed, half way up a mountain; that climbing is a pleasure to me and would be so if no one else climbed and no one ever heard of my climbing." "We who go mountain-climbing," says Mr. Whymper, "have con-

stantly set before us the superiority of fixed purpose or perseverance to brute force. We know that each height, each step, must be gained by patient laborious toil, and that wishing cannot take the place of working. We know the benefit of mutual aid, that many a difficulty must be encountered, and many an obstacle must be grappled with or turned; but we know that where there's a will there's a way; and we come back to our daily occupations better fitted to fight the battle of life and to overcome the impediments which obstruct our paths, strengthened and cheered by the recollections of past labours and by the memories of victories gained in other fields. We glory in the physical regeneration which is the product of our exertions; we exult over the grandeur of the scenes that are brought before our eyes, the splendours of sunrise and sunset, and the beauties of hill, dale, lake, wood and waterfall; but we value more highly the development of manliness, and the evolution, under combat with difficulty, of those noble qualities of human nature, patience, endurance, and fortitude."

Mummery, in his book *My Climbs in the Alps and the Caucasus*, uses similar language,

declaring that the happy climber, like the aged Ulysses, is one who has

"Drunk delight of battle with his peers;"

and that this delight is only attainable by assaulting cliffs which tax to their utmost the powers of the mountaineers. While Guido Rey, in his beautiful book on the *Matterhorn*, compares mountain-climbing to a grand struggle of noble souls toward a pure and lofty ideal; and declaring that even the terrible disaster of the first ascent of the Matterhorn has something of the ancient tragedy in it, showing as it does, "Mortals revolving in grief and joy about a mute inexorable Destiny, the Matterhorn." "It is not a passing momentary impression," he says, "that we bring down with us, but a memory that lasts a lifetime. I wish all the youth of Italy, who are mentally and physically fit, would ascend the Matterhorn once at least, so that their unknown powers of mind might be revealed to them, and that a noble pride in their physical feat might purify them and make them more capable of high resolves and more sincere lovers of their beautiful country. I wish sceptics could experience the good

effect that a great ascent produces in us. The vanities which filled our minds before we started now seem trivial to us. Now we appreciate the comforts to which use had made us indifferent. We feel a greater love for our homes and family. And when we come down from the mountains we rejoice to bring back and display to our dear ones the equanimity we have, acquired in the heights, and to see them smiling upon us because the mountain has restored to them a healthier, stronger, more affectionate son, brother or friend."

CHAPTER III

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MOUNTAIN WORLD

SUCH is the land which we are now to visit for a brief time. But before we begin our journey it will be well to cast a bird's-eye view over its physical conformation. If, on our way from Italy to Switzerland, instead of taking a train at Airolo and speeding through the nine-and-a-half-mile tunnel to Göschenen, we should climb to the summit of the St. Gotthard Pass, we should be in a position to understand the general topography of Switzerland. The great central mass of the St. Gotthard group on which we stand forms the focus, as it were, of the mountain world. From here run out the chief ranges, to the left that of the Bernese Oberland, containing among other peaks the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Finsteraarhorn; and on the other side of the Rhone valley, the range of the Pennine Alps, — Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn and Mt. Blanc. To our right, on both

sides of the newly formed stream of the Rhine, are the Alps of the Cantons of Grisons and Glarus, while still farther to the east are the enormous masses of the Tyrolese mountains. In front and behind us the mountain walls slope gradually down, until the last foot-hills fall away into the plains of Northern Switzerland and of Italy. This immense group of mountain ranges has a general direction from east to west. Far away to the north runs, almost parallel, the lower but more precipitous chain of the Juras, forming the boundary line between Switzerland and France.

Two rivers of world-wide fame have their origin in the St. Gotthard mountains, the Rhone and the Rhine. There is a strange resemblance in the sources, the growth and the final destiny of these two rivers. They rise a few miles distant from each other; both draw their source from the St. Gotthard, which is the great watershed of the Alps, and which sends down its streams, on the left to the Rhone, on the right to the Rhine. Both rivers run for many miles along the edge of Switzerland, lose themselves for a while in a lake, only to leave it on foreign territory. The Rhone, which has burst forth from the

icy caves of the Rhone glacier, flows along the winding valley of the same name, enters Lake Geneva, and issuing therefrom, hastens over the fair fields of France to find a final resting place in the Mediterranean. In similar manner the Rhine flows along its narrow valley, enters Lake Constance, and skirting the northern boundaries of Switzerland leaves that country finally at Bâle, and traverses the whole length of Germany, of which it forms at the same time the most important waterway and defence.

Between these mountains and rivers lies the rest of Switzerland sloping away to the great plain of the Aar in the north. Here and there are seen those wonderfully blue lakes which form so lovely a feature of Swiss scenery, — Lucerne, Geneva, Zürich, and a score of others. Everywhere are scattered flourishing cities, neat and attractive villages, picturesque castles, or the humble chalet of the Alpine shepherd; everywhere is heard the tinkling of cow-bells, the murmur of running streams, or the shrill whistle of the mountain railroads.

You can enter Switzerland from Italy by way of the Italian Lakes and the Simplon or

the St. Gotthard tunnel; from France by way of Geneva; and from Germany by way of the Rhine. As this latter is perhaps the most popular route for Americans making a summer trip abroad, as we are doing now, we will choose it for our little journey through the Alps. The first place we stop at is Bâle or Basel, as it is variously written in English, the capital of the half canton of Bâle-Ville, situated on both banks of the Rhine. It is a busy railroad centre, and at the time of the arrival and departure of trains the station is a scene of the utmost animation and confusion, crowded with tourists of every land and nation. Bâle is one of the largest cities of Switzerland, and likewise one of the oldest. It appears first in the fourth century as a Roman military post (Basilia). It has always been the centre of many important institutions, such as the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge, the Seminary for Missionaries, and the Bible Society, which dates from 1804 and is the first of the kind on the continent.

Bâle is the birthplace of many famous men, Euler, Iselin, and perhaps Holbein. The University was one of the most influential in Europe. This was especially true during

the period of the Reformation, when Erasmus, Œcolampadius and Paracelsus were among its professors. Robert Browning in his poem on *Paracelsus* gives us a glimpse of the enthusiasm for learning in those days, when

"Some sunny morning Basel being drained
Of its wise population, every corner
Of the amphitheatre crammed with learned clerks,
Here Œcolampadius, looking worlds of wit,
Here Castellanus, as profound as he,
Munsterus here, Frobenius there, all squeezed and staring."

The most important historical event connected with Bâle was the famous council summoned by Martin V in 1431, the three chief subjects which were specially assigned to it being the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches, the reconciliation of the followers of John Huss, and the reform of the church according to resolutions passed at the council at Constance a few years before. Although the Council lasted a number of years nothing positive was done; rather the labours of the Councils of Pisa and Constance were undone, and after this Council, men began to see that the Church could not be reformed without destroying the Papacy.

Interesting as this old city is, however, most travellers do not even enter its precincts, but change cars and pass on to their various destinations beyond. And yet, even for the hurried tourist, eager to get among the Alps, Bâle is well worth a visit. The Rhine flows clear and green; from the bridge, and especially from the Pfalz, a terrace behind the Münster, we get fine views over the river and the hills of the Black Forest. So too there are a number of objects of interest to be seen, — the Library, containing the original Testament of Erasmus; the Museum with pictures by Holbein, Dürer, Cranach, Böcklin; the Town Hall, and especially the Cathedral or Münster, of red stone, begun in Byzantine style by Emperor Henry II, in 1010, partly destroyed in 1356 by earthquake and fire, rebuilt in Gothic style and finished in 1460.

But all these things can be seen in a short time, and so we find ourselves once more on the comfortable Swiss train, reminding us of those of our own country, on our way to Constance, which is situated in the northeast corner of Switzerland, just as Bâle is situated at the northwest. This journey is ninety miles long and can be made by express in about three

hours. The road passes near the Rhine for nearly the whole distance, and is rendered agreeable by a succession of fine views. Twenty miles out from Bâle is the little town of Säckingen, rendered famous over all Europe by the poem and opera of Victor von Scheffel, *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, the farewell song of which, at least, is known to Americans. The one city of any size or importance is Schaffhausen (16,000 inhabitants), chiefly interesting perhaps for the old bell in the münster the inscription on which,

VIVOS VOCO, MORTUOS PLANGO, FULGURES FRANGO

(I call the living, I lament the dead, I ward off the thunderbolt), suggested to Schiller his *Lied von der Glocke*, and to Longfellow the scene in his *Golden Legend*.

Everybody knows that Ruskin was one of the most profound worshippers of the Alps, and he himself has done more perhaps than any one else to spread the feeling for the mountain glory. Not all, however, may know that it was at Schaffhausen that he first received the baptismal fire.

In his *Præterita* he tells us how, as a child, he journeyed to Switzerland in a carriage,

and how he entered the gate of Schaffhausen after midnight; how he but dimly recollects what they did the next day — went to church, spent some time in seeing the town, and then towards sunset, he went with his father and mother to a sort of garden promenade high above the Rhine. And suddenly, behold, far away, he caught sight of the mountains. "There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp as the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed, the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

"It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such temperament as mine. Thus in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its seriousness; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the

sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume, I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace."

From Schaffhausen, or better still from the station of Neuhausen, a mile and a half away, we can visit one of the great show places of Switzerland, the Falls of the Rhine, the Niagara of Europe. While not to be compared in grandeur with the famous American falls, the view is nevertheless inspiring, and sublime; the great river, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, descends in three leaps a rocky ledge sixty feet high on one side and forty-eight on the other, and with its cascades and rapids, huge masses of emerald green water plunging down into the foaming abyss, its thunderous roaring, its clouds of spray, its rainbows, it produces a feeling of awe and admiration.

And now we have reached Constance, the

old free Imperial city, beautifully situated on the lake of the same name, where the Rhine flows from it, something in the same way as the Rhone leaves the lake at Geneva. In the few hours at our disposal here, we turn our steps first of all to the places rendered famous by the tragic story of John Huss and Jerome of Prague,—the house in Hussenstrasse where the former was arrested; the place behind it where Jerome of Prague was imprisoned; the Dominican Island, where from December, 1414, to March, 1415, Huss was imprisoned in the cloister (famous as being the place where Heinrich von Suso, the celebrated Mystic, lived and wrote); and a half mile to the west of the town, the large boulder in the Brühl, which, as the inscription tells us, marks the spot where the two reformers were martyred.

But the most important place is the old cathedral, and the large stone slab, with a white spot on it, where Huss is said to have stood on July 6, 1415, when the Council sentenced him to be burned at the stake. As we stand on this spot, our hearts are deeply moved, and our imagination conjures up that famous scene. The church was crowded by

all that was most brilliant in Christendom, princes and nobles, cardinals and bishops; the Emperor himself was present, to lend solemnity to the occasion. In the middle of the church, a platform in the shape of a table had been erected, upon which were the priestly garments in which Huss was to be clothed before the ceremony of his degradation began. He himself was placed on a high stool before the table in order that the people might see him. While the sentence of condemnation was being read, Huss listened to it on his knees, and from time to time tried to protest against the accusations made against him, but was prevented by those near him. When the reading of the sentence was ended he called God to witness that he was innocent; and prayed Him to forgive his judges and accusers. Hereupon followed the ceremony of degradation. He was ordered to put on the priestly robes. This he did, uttering words recalling the similar ceremony in the case of Christ. When he was fully dressed they asked him once more to recant; but he, facing the people, denied having any desire to offend or lead astray the faithful by hypocritical and wicked recantation, protesting at the same time his

innocence. Then he was forced to descend from his seat, and the bishops, taking the chalice from his hands, said, "O cursed Judas, who having forsaken the counsel of peace art entered into that of the Jews, we take this chalice from thee in which is the blood of Jesus Christ." With similar curses they took from him each of his vestments, and then, putting a paper crown, or mitre, on his head, painted with grotesque figures of devils and the word "Heresiarcha," arch-heretic, they devoted his soul to the devils in hell. As we stand here we cannot help a feeling of uplift and inspiration at the heroic death of this man, a death which is the heritage of all mankind, because he was a witness of the truth as he conceived it, and not all the combined efforts of the Church and the Holy Roman Empire could make him falter for a single moment.

It is only a short distance from Constance to Zürich, thirty miles, if we go by way of Eglisau, thirty-five if we go by way of Winterthur. Taking the former route we pass once more by Schaffhausen and Neuhausen, go through a tunnel below the latter village, get a last view of the Rhine Falls, then strike

southward to Eglisau, whence we soon reach Zürich after less than a two hours' ride from Constance.

Zürich is a large, handsome, clean, eminently modern city in appearance, situated at the outlet of the river Limmat from the lake. It is the largest, and in many respects, the most important city of Switzerland, with a population of nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It is important from a business and commercial standpoint, with many silk and cotton mills, machine shops and iron foundries. It is also important from an educational point of view: its schools are excellent, and it possesses two higher institutions of learning equal to anything of the kind in Germany or elsewhere, — the University and the Polytechnicum, the former counting nearly fifteen hundred students and one hundred and thirty professors, the latter having nearly one thousand students and one hundred professors.

The history of Zürich is very ancient, and sums up in a sense the history of all the rest of Switzerland. The earliest inhabitants of the future site of the city were lake-dwellers, many remains of whose houses built on piles can be still seen in the Museum. Then came

ZÜRICH.

the Celtic Helvetians who made a settlement on the Lindenhof, and who in turn were succeeded by the Romans, who established a customs station here for goods coming and going to Italy. During their rule Christianity was introduced early in the third century. Later came the Alemanni and were in their turn conquered by the Franks. The city of Zürich itself was not founded till the ninth century, when it consisted of the royal house and castle on the Lindenhof, with the King's tenants around, the Gross Münster, the Frau Münster and the community of "freemen" (of Alemannic origin) on the Zürichberg. For a long time the Frankish kings had special rights over their tenants, were the protectors of the two churches, and had jurisdiction over the free community.

It is not known whether Charlemagne was ever in Zürich or not, but his name is intimately connected with its art and legends. On the west tower of the Gross Münster, erected from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, is his statue with gilded crown and sword, in recognition of his donation to the church. Legend tells how once when Charlemagne came to the city, he had a pillar set

up before his palace with a bell and rope attached thereto, and made it known that whoever suffered wrong should pull the bell when the Emperor sat at dinner, and he would come out and hear the story of his wrongs. One day the bell rang, and the Emperor, going out, saw a serpent, which nodded its head, and started for the lake, turning around to see that the Emperor followed. There the latter saw that a toad was sitting on the eggs of the serpent, and immediately declared that the toad should be burnt to death. The next day as the Emperor was sitting at table, to the terror and astonishment of all present, a serpent crawled through a hole in the wall, swung itself down, lifted the cover of a goblet on the table, dropped a precious stone therein, and departed the way it had come. The Emperor in his joy founded a church on the spot where the serpent's nest had been, a church which to this day is known as the Wasser-Kirche.

Perhaps the most famous of the historical events of Zürich is the Reformation, during which it became the centre of the new movement in Switzerland. It was Zwingli who brought to a successful conclusion this move-

ment and founded his church on the State itself. Next to Luther no character of the Reformation is more interesting or influential than Zwingli. Born in 1484 at Wildhaus in Canton St. Gall, of peasant family, he became an accomplished classical scholar; then at the early age of twenty-two he was ordained a priest. It is not the place here to tell of Zwingli's life, how he became imbued with the spirit of the Reformation, how the new doctrines were established in Zürich, Bern and other Cantons; how the Forest Cantons remained faithful to the Roman Church, how civil war broke out, and how the opposing armies met and fought at Cappel (1531), where the Zürich army was defeated. Zwingli, who had accompanied the troops as field chaplain and who had stood among the fighting men to encourage them, received a blow on the head and was knocked senseless. The victors, when they examined the field, found him still alive. He was not recognised, and was asked if he wished a priest; when he refused, a captain, standing near, gave him a death-blow on the neck. The next day his body was recognised. "Then there was a wonderful running to the spot the whole

morning, for every man wished to see Zwingli." A great boulder now marks the place where the great reformer fell, and bears this inscription: "They may kill the body, but not the soul; so spoke on this spot Ulrich Zwingli, who for truth and the freedom of the Christian Church died a hero's death, October 11, 1531."

For many years Zürich has been a literary centre, not only of Switzerland, but for all Teutonic Europe. It was here that John Jacob Bodmer lived and died. He was born in 1698 in Greifensee, not far from Zürich, and became the pioneer of the revolt against the tyranny of French classicism. His defence of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which he afterward translated, gave the first impulse to the famous literary quarrel between himself and Gottsched of Leipzig, who saw himself finally conquered and deserted by his most distinguished followers. All the younger German poets, Gleim, Hagedorn, Gellert, Klopstock, Kleist, were the devoted admirers and followers of Bodmer, who for many years held court at Zürich, whither came many distinguished foreigners to do him homage. This influential position of Zürich in German

letters was kept up by Lavater, through whom Goethe first came to Switzerland. In 1752, Ewald von Kleist wrote to Gleim, "Zürich is really an incomparable place. For three or four people of genius and taste that one meets in great Berlin, there are in little Zürich more than twenty or thirty."

Other famous men who have lived and worked here are Pestalozzi, the founder of the kindergarten, Gottfried Keller, the poet, and Richard Wagner, who lived here twelve years, completing the *Lohengrin*, and partly writing out the *Niebelungenlied.* "In the complete freedom of my Swiss exile," he writes, "I found assured to myself an undisturbed self-concentration and a clear sight of my ideal."

But the one immortal name connected with Zürich, as well as with all Switzerland and the entire Reformed Church, is that of Zwingli, a brief account of whose life has been given above. For twelve years he was in charge of the Gross Münster Church, where he preached and taught the people the new doctrines of the Reformation. The severely plain interior, the simple service, the devout earnest attitude of the congregation, and the gospel sermon of

the preacher in the pulpit make Zwingli's church an attractive place still on a Sunday morning.

There are several interesting places to visit in Zürich, besides the church; one is the town library, where we can see Zwingli's own German Bible, a letter of his to his wife, and three Latin letters from Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, Zwingli's successor. Another place of interest is the magnificent new National Swiss Museum. One can spend many a pleasant hour walking through these handsome rooms, looking at the prehistoric remains from caves and lake dwellings; Roman antiquities found in Switzerland, and Alemannian, Burgundian, and Lombard remains. In the more modern section we find the fine old porcelain stoves, richly carved furniture, and complete rooms in their original state, such as the one from the Winkleried house at Stans, with a handsome coffered ceiling. There is nothing that gives one so deep an insight into the life of past centuries as a walk through this splendid museum.

But after all what constitutes the chief element of interest in such countries as Italy, Germany, and France (picture galleries, churches,

historic and literary associations) — seems to us of minor interest here in Switzerland, where the great book of nature is ever spread out before us. And so we leave these objects of man's activity and wander along the shores of the river and the lake. We take the little railroad which carries us to the top of the Uetliberg, overhanging the city, from whence we get a beautiful view, embracing the whole of Lake Zürich, the Alps from the Sentis to the Jungfrau and the Stockhorn on Lake Thun, with the Rigi and Pilatus in the foreground, the Jura to the west, and the mountains of the Black Forest to the north.

We take the steamboat and sail over the clear waters of the lake, twenty-five miles in length, with its gently sloping banks, blooming with vineyards, orchards, meadows and fields of grain; every where are scattered attractive and prosperous looking villages, while on the distant horizon rise the snow-covered summits of the Alps.

The American traveller in England is fond of visiting the places formerly inhabited by the Puritans and Pilgrims before they left England to plant their colonies on the inhospitable shores of the new world. For the same

reason the descendants of the early Swiss Quakers of Pennsylvania, who made, in 1710, the first white settlements of Lancaster County, will be led to visit the towns and villages of Lake Zürich, from which, as well as from the Canton of Bern, these early settlers came.

In an old copy of the *Ausbundt* or Hymn-book of the Anabaptists, a book whose origin dates from the sixteenth century, I find in the appendix an account of these old Lancaster County families, the Millers, the Meylins, the Landises, Bowmans and others, and the tribulations that they suffered before coming to the new world to share in the Holy Experiment of William Penn. And the places from which they came in Switzerland are precisely on the shores of Lake Zürich, by which we are sailing at the present time, Horgen, now a thriving community pleasantly situated amidst vineyards and orchards; Wädenswyl, now the largest village on the lake; and others.

It is strange that while the smallest details of the colonial history of New York and New England are known, that so many Americans are totally ignorant of the causes that led to the extraordinary influx of Germans and Swiss into Pennsylvania in the eighteenth cen-

tury. As we sail over the blue waters of Lake Zürich let us try to picture to ourselves the state of things that prevailed here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the annals of Bern and Zürich contain frequent mention of measures taken to root out the sect of Anabaptists, whose origin runs back to the Waldensians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. From their first appearance in Switzerland these Anabaptists, or rather Quakers as they really were in doctrine and customs, were the victims of systematic persecution on the part of their Reformed brethren, even the death penalty being inflicted on a number, while others were thrown into prison, exiled or sold as galley slaves. A singularly poetic death was that of Felix Manz, January 5, 1527, when he was taken in a boat to the centre of the Lake: — "As he stood there with the blue sky above him, and the snow-crowned mountains around him, his soul was uplifted, and while they were binding his arms, he sang with a loud voice, *in manus tuas Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, till the waves closed on his head." Another of these Zürich Martyrs, an ancestor of Congressman Landis,

and Judge K. M. Landis, of Standard Oil fame, was Hans Landis, who was beheaded in Zürich in 1614 for his Quaker opinions.

Of all their doctrines, that of refusing to bear arms was the most obnoxious to the state, which depended on its citizens for defence in times of aggression. It must be confessed that the Swiss Quakers were the most intractable of people. Exiled again and again, they persisted every time in returning to their native land. When we come to speak of Bern, a brief account will be given of how they came to Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SWISS LIBERTY

WE are now approaching the heart of Switzerland. Hitherto, we have seen the foot-hills of the Alps, and the snow-capped peaks only on the horizon. We are now about to enter the holy of holies of the mountain world.

One of the great advantages of Swiss travel is the short distances that lie between the objects of interest. From Zürich to Lucerne is only thirty-six miles, and less than two hours are necessary to bring us thither. Like all our journeys by railroad in this land, so richly endowed in the way of natural scenery, the journey we are now taking is one succession of beautiful views. Leaving Lake Zürich behind us, plunging into tunnels and out again, passing through green valleys, and by forest-clad hills, we reach the little town of Zug, situated on the lake and capital of the Canton of the same name. Here we have a reminder of

the awful forces hiding beneath the fair exterior of Swiss scenery, fraught with destruction to man and all his works. For in 1887 the lower part of the town, without a moment's warning, sank into the lake, swallowing up many houses and barns and destroying eleven lives.

Leaving the quiet charm of this beautifully situated town, skirting along the lake, catching a glimpse from time to time of the Rigi, and passing through the tunnels under the Gütsch and the Schönheim hill, we enter the station of Lucerne.

Of all Swiss resorts none is more popular or more attractive than this quaint old mediæval town. Situated on the main road to the St. Gotthard Pass, it has always been an important centre in the commerce between Northern Switzerland and Italy.

Already in the eighth century a monastery was built at the west end of Lake Lucerne, where, according to an unfounded tradition, the Romans had built a light-house (lucerna), whence the name of the city is supposed to be derived. Around this monastery a settlement was gradually formed, and in the eleventh century had become a city, which in

LUCERNE, WITH MT. RIGI.

the year 1291, was taken from the monastery Murbach in an underhand manner. Although the inhabitants fought against the Three Forest Cantons at the battle of Morgarten, a few years afterward, in 1332, they joined the Everlasting Compact. This brought them many kinds of persecution and trouble from the House of Austria; yet they finally won their independence, and from this time on the history of Lucerne is closely connected with that of the rest of Switzerland.

As we have already said, the town has always been an important centre for traffic between the north and Italy; but especially since the building of the St. Gotthard railroad, has its importance increased an hundred fold. To-day, in the height of the summer season, it is crowded to overflowing with tourists of all nations, Germans, English and Americans, French and Italians.

Along the beautiful quays which skirt the lake is a row of stately hotels; on the boulevard before them, planted with chestnut trees, a constant crowd is walking up and down; on the hills all about are pensions adapted to the purses of the less wealthy; while nearly every one of the charming little villages that line

the shores of the lake throughout its whole length and breadth, have their hotels and pensions for the accommodation of the travelling public. In a certain sense, Lucerne is one of the great show places of Switzerland, and hence has lost much of its charm for those who love nature for herself alone. Thus the noble lion of Thorwaldsen (as it is often called, though it was not carved by him, but by Aborn of Constance, after a plaster cast furnished by the great Danish sculptor) has become the centre of a lot of side-shows, not much unlike a circus in its atmosphere, though the attractions are not trained horses, wild beasts and clowns, but "glacier mills," "giant's cauldrons," collection of stuffed Alpine animals, reconstruction of lake dwellings, dioramas, panoramas, etc., all visited as a matter of duty by tourists, in the same spirit, perchance, as people visit the curiosities of Luna Park or the Great White Way of the world expositions.

All this undoubtedly detracts greatly from the old charm that once characterised Switzerland. There are many lovers of the land who are constantly lamenting the overrunning of it by the myriads of tourists from all parts of the world. No one has spoken more bitterly than

Ruskin: "The Valley of Chamonix," he says, "is rapidly being turned into a kind of Cremorne Gardens, and I can see, within the perspective of but few years, the town of Lucerne consisting of a row of symmetrical hotels round the lake, its old bridges destroyed, an iron one built over the Reuss, and an acacia promenade carried along the lake-shore, with a German band playing under a Chinese temple at the end of it, and the enlightened travellers, representatives of European civilisation, performing before the Alps in each afternoon summer sunlight in their modern manner, the Dance of Death."

This prophecy has come true to a surprising degree. To-day, Lucerne, with its music-hall, its promenade, its multiplied hotels, museums, railroads, and last, but not least, its newly established kur-taxe, has seemed to be completely commercialised. And the same thing is true of all other Swiss resorts. Interlaken has become a glorified summer resort, with its golf and lawn-tennis grounds, its crowds of fashionably dressed *mondaines*, its music, gambling, buying and selling, with the unstained beauty alone of the Jungfrau, in the distance, lending enchantment to the scene.

A significant instance of this state of things is the inscription painted on the benches, scattered along the promenades of Interlaken, "Réservés aux Etrangers" (for strangers only). The poor native, whose ancestors for fifteen hundred years have lived among these everlasting hills, has no right to sit him down on one of these seats.

There is something depressing about crowds, something at once irritating and sordid; and the hurry, the pushing and pulling and quarrelling to get the best places, that are seen so often to-day in Switzerland, seem wofully out of place amid the quiet grandeur of the high Alps. Last summer I sat for several hours, in front of the station at Scheidegg, watching the crowds as they descended from the train that arrived from Lauterbrunnen, ran across the tracks to the place where the Jungfrau railroad was waiting, and then on their return rushing with equal eagerness, and often rudeness, to get places in the cars, almost invariably too few, which were to take them down to Grindelwald. I was thankful that I, at least, was not in a hurry. Yet, after all, the inevitable lessening of one's enjoyments of these noble landscapes by the eager crowds of tourists,

is more than counterbalanced by the pleasure these tourists themselves receive, a pleasure which thousands of them could never enjoy were it not for the mountain railroad, the Cook tours, and all the other things that seem at times to desecrate Switzerland.

But there are certain parts of Lucerne where the ordinary traveller seldom goes, and yet which are eminently worthy of a visit. The older quarter of the city, with its narrow, quaint houses and its market-places, gives one still a good idea of the life of a mediæval town. The river Reuss flows with the rapidity of an arrow from the lake, "with its pure, deep, and blue water eddying down between its piers, and with the sweet darkness of green hills, and far-away gleaming of lake and Alps alternating upon the eye on either side," and is spanned by seven bridges, two of which date from the Middle Ages, the Kapell-Brücke, and the Spreuer Brücke. Both of these bridges cross the Reuss obliquely, both are roofed in, and both are adorned with paintings, which if not of the highest artistic value, are yet interesting enough to look at. In the Kapell-Brücke, which was built in 1333, are painted scenes from Swiss

history, and from the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne, St. Leodegar and St. Maurice. The Water Tower near this bridge was once believed to be a Roman light-house (lucerna) whence, as some think, the name of the city. This, however, is mere tradition, and no one really believes it to-day. In the Spreuer Brücke built in 1408, the panels are decorated with the Dance of Death, a popular subject in the Middle Ages. As we look on these quaint old pictures we can have no better interpreter of them than Longfellow, in his *Hyperion:* — "In almost all languages is it written — the apparition of the grim spectre putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the 'remarkable retirement' of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well-known. The most striking among them is that where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings and torch inverted."

Another interesting relic of mediæval times is the wall that surrounds the city, with its many watch-towers; and a very pleasant place of a summer evening, when one is tired of sight-seeing, is the Hofkirche or Church of St. Leodegar, which is said to date from the eighth century. Its two slender towers give it a graceful appearance. It is worth while to attend the organ recitals, which are given every week-day in summer, from six-thirty to seven-thirty p. m., the great attraction being the realistic imitation of the gradual oncoming of a thunder storm, the roaring of the winds, the crash of thunder, and the pattering of rain on the roof.

I have already said that Lucerne is one of the most popular centres of Swiss travel. All summer long the streets are crowded, omnibuses and carriages rushing to and from the trains, tourists promenading along the Schweizerhof Quay, sauntering through the streets, gazing into the shop windows, bands of music playing, while all around the unequalled setting

of the city, the blue waters of the lake, with the steamers going and coming, the row-boats, moving here and there, the far-away whistle of the Pilatus railroad, all give one the feeling of a holiday festival. Some years ago, however, I had an opportunity of seeing the striking difference between the life of the town in summer and in winter. I was coming from the north on my way to Italy, and stopped over night at one of the large hotels, where I could scarcely get a room, and nearly froze in the one they gave me. I took a walk through the streets. A bitter cold blast was blowing from the lake, everything had a deserted look, no strangers could be seen, the hotels were closed, the natives who were abroad hurried along with hands in pocket, and coat collars turned up.

But in summer time no pleasanter place in the world can be found than Lucerne and its environs. For after all the town itself is not the chief object of the traveller's interest; it is rather a starting place for innumerable trips on the lake itself, or to the various points of view.

Of these latter, the one nearest at hand is the Gütsch, a hill to the west of the city,

reached by a cable tramway in a few minutes and affording a very beautiful view of the lake, the Rigi, and the higher Alps. Then there is the mountain Pilatus, which rises, as it seems, almost perpendicularly across the lake, and in cloudy weather seems almost about to fall upon the town. The name Pilatus is probably derived from the mediæval Latin word, *pileatus*, hooded, given to it from the cap or covering of cloud on its summit, from which it is seldom free, at least for a part of every day. Legend, however, and the spirit of myth-making, which is everywhere at work, has connected the mountain with the name of Pontius Pilate, whose spirit is said to haunt its rocky summit, — or at least was said to do so before the modern railroad with its noise and bustle made it unpleasant for all ghosts, who, as is well known, love chiefly to frequent lonely places. Before the conquest of the high mountains by the modern tourist, almost every mountain was believed to be haunted by evil spirits. Thus we read in the beautiful song of Mignon in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, how

"In Höhlen wohnt des Drachen alte Brut,"
(In caverns dwells the ancient brood of dragons);

and Mr. Whymper found in his efforts to climb the Matterhorn no slight difficulty in overcoming the superstitious fears of the guides. As I write this I have before me a quaint old German book of legends in which the story of Pilate is given: how full of despair and remorse after the death of the Saviour, he committed suicide; how the Emperor ordered the body to be placed in a sack and sunk into the river Tiber; how the sack would not sink into the water nor remain underground, and how evil spirits would raise it in the air; how storm and tempest, thunder and lightning and floods arose wherever it was placed; how the body was brought from Rome to South France and flung into the river Rhone near the city of Vienne; how the boats that passed this place would sink and be destroyed; until the body was taken up again, and "the sack with the accursed body of Pilate was carried to a high mountain between the towns of Lucerne and Unterwalden, and there in a deep pond, loaded with heavy stones, was sunk; and every year on Good Friday his spirit rises and sits upon the Judgment seat, as if he were delivering judgment; and the inhabitants of Lucerne set watchmen day and night near the same

MT. PILATUS.

pool, to prevent any one from casting stones or pieces of wood into the pond, for if this is done, great storms and water-spouts arise and death and destruction follow."

To-day, however, Mt. Pilatus is one of the most popular of all the famous view-points of Switzerland. It is reached by a rack-and-pinion railroad, which starts from Alpnachstad, a station on the Brünig railroad, not far from Lucerne. Passing among beautiful pastures and forests on its lower slopes, through tunnels, over deep gorges, we finally reach the broad plateau of the Esel, where a magnificent view is seen.

Far more popular than the Pilatus, and far more famous is the Rigi. Long before many of the popular resorts were even heard of, the Rigi was known; — and to-day this Queen of the mountains, as some would interpret the name (Rigi = Regina Montium), is one of the most famous mountains of the world. For while it is not so high as scores of other Swiss mountains, yet its position between the three lakes of Lucerne, Zug, and Lowerz makes it a unique point of view. From its summit or *kulm*, one can see parts, at least, of nearly all the Swiss cantons, and even

far beyond the frontiers of neighbouring lands. Everywhere our eyes rest on blue lakes, flourishing villages, green meadows, dark forests, clear running streams; far off to the north is the great plain, with its cities, towns, and rivers, shut in by the mountains of the Black Forest; and all along the horizon, east and south and west, is the great unending chain of mountains rolling on like waves of a mighty sea; while at our feet we see in full relief the Lake of Lucerne, and all its winding shores from Lucerne to Flüelen.

No wonder this famous view-point is so popular (more than one hundred thousand people visit it in the course of the summer), for it not only affords beautiful views, but is the most easily and comfortably reached mountain-top in Switzerland. As early as 1763 the Rigi was visited by a Zürich Pastor, Faesi, and from that time on, occasional tourists visited it, until, toward the year 1860, it is said that from thirty thousand to forty thousand persons would climb the steep path to enjoy the view at its summit. It was not till 1871, however, that the newly invented rack-and-pinion system for mountain railroads was successfully applied to the Rigi, three years

after the similar system had been installed on Mt. Washington in the White Mountains.

The Rigi has been celebrated countless times in prose and poetry; distinguished men of every walk in life have visited this famous view-point, to watch the sun rise or set. As we sit here on this bright summer afternoon, our imagination conjures up some of the figures which have been here in the past. Some have been impressed to deep solemnity; some have carried with them sentimental love, which seems strangely out of place amid such scenes, as when J. G. Holland wrote his poem entitled "On the Rigi," in which we find the lines:

"On the Rigi-Kulm we sat,
Lovely Floribel and I,
Plucking blue-bells for her hat
From a mound that blossomed nigh.
'We are near to Heaven,' she sighed,
While her raven lashes fell,
'Nearer,' softly I replied,
'Than the mountain's height may tell.'"

In refreshing contrast to the unconscious humor of this sentimental poem is the description of Tartarin's appearance at the fashionable hotel at the Kulm, in full mountain costume,

with Alpenstock and ice-axe, and heavily spiked shoes; or that of Mark Twain's three or four days' ascent of the Rigi, and his vain attempt to see the sunrise, arriving at "the exhibition ground" only when the sun was well up. "On our way up we met the crowd returning, men and women dressed in all sorts of queer costumes, and exhibiting all degrees of cold and wretchedness in their gaits and countenances. A dozen still remained on the ground when we reached there, huddled together about the scaffold, with their backs to the bitter wind. They had their red guide books open at the diagram of the view, and were painfully picking out the several mountains and trying to impress their name and position on their memories. It was one of the saddest sights I ever saw."

Of all the phases of nature in Switzerland, none is more famous or more beautiful than its lakes. Each one has a peculiar charm of its own, Geneva, Zug, Zürich, and Constance. It is probable, however, that most people would agree in saying that Lake Lucerne is the most beautiful of them all. The colour of its water is of a deeper blue than that of the rest, the mountains rise more perpendicularly

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from its surface, and all about is the charm of history and legend. We find many traces of all this in the works of great poets of all nations. As we shall see later, the whole upper part of the lake is full of reminiscences of Schiller's *William Tell.*

The peculiar shape of the lake is given accurately by Aubrey de Vere,

> "In shape a cross, and walled with cliffs so high,
> That o'er each aisle of that quadruple plain,
> No unfit roof appears the vaulted sky,
> It lies, a vast and crystal paven fane,
> A church, by nature built and not in vain
> Among the shadowing mountains."

Longfellow, Edwin Arnold, Campbell, Rogers and many others have touched on various phases of the beauty of Lake Lucerne, surrounded as it is by the Four Forest Cantons (whence its German name, Vierwaldstättersee). Wordsworth, especially, has revealed his impressions as he passed through these scenes, in his characteristic solemn and reflective style, reflections aroused by the Valley of the Reuss, Lake Uri, Tell's Chapel, Unterwalden, Engelberg, and Schwyz.

The shape of Lake Lucerne is very irregular, but seen from the Rigi, it appears some-

thing like a cross, with the end of the foot bent almost at right angles, this bend being Lake Uri. Its length is twenty-three miles and its width varies from one-half mile to two miles. Its waters bathe portions of four of the most ancient cantons of Switzerland, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. On both sides of it rise the two pyramids of the Rigi and Pilatus, all along its shores are flourishing villages. Rapid steamboats laden with tourists are constantly sailing up and down; for in summer time there is a service between Lucerne and Flüelen, at the other end of the lake, eight times a day. I know of no more pleasant excursion, on a bright clear day, than to take one of these steamers at the Schweizerhof quay, get a comfortable seat on the upper deck, and prepare for a good time. The bell rings, the water is churned up behind, we rapidly leave behind us the town with its big hotels and slender church towers. The sky is blue, the air cool, but tempered with the warm rays of the summer sun. On board the boat an air of festivity reigns; men, women, and children are engaged in conversation; exclamations of admiration burst from those who are lovers of nature, the band begins to

play, and in order that the inner man be not neglected, busy waiters hurry to and fro, dispensing eatables and drinkables. And now we approach the thriving village of Weggis; the steamer slows up, a crowd of people are seen on the landing place, the gang-plank is cast ashore, and a fair exchange of passengers is made, the place of those who disembark being taken by those on the shore. Again the bell rings, the boat is off once more, only to stop, a short distance further down, at Vitznau, the station for the Rigi railroad. Here the same busy scene repeats itself, only on a larger scale, for a great crowd are bent on the ascent of the Rigi. Once more we are off, going almost straight across the lake to the pretty little town of Beckenried, with its walnut trees in front, where the delegates of the Four Forest Cantons used to assemble; then back over the lake again to Gersau, and then to Brunnen, one of the busiest and most important towns on the lake after Lucerne, — for it is the port of the Canton Schwyz, a station on the St. Gotthard railroad, and a centre of excursions. Here we disembark and prepare to visit the objects of interest, which are so numerous in this part of the lake, with

more leisure and comfort than can be had by remaining on the steamer. For here in the southern arm of the lake, called Lake Uri, nature, history, legend and poetry combine to a greater extent than elsewhere, even in Switzerland, to attract the cultivated traveller. The story of William Tell, mere legend though it be, seems to invest with a subtle charm every object in the landscape. The one poet who has given world-wide currency to the legend, so that to-day scarcely an educated man in the civilised world is ignorant of it, is Schiller, whose drama has done more than any other book to make Switzerland a shrine for literary pilgrims. It is a singular fact that the author of a work so full of exact description never saw the land he describes. Many of his facts he obtained from Goethe, whose three visits made him acquainted with all phases of Switzerland. Few poets have described the charm of Swiss scenery so well as Schiller. Any one who has been caught in the sudden storm, the Föhn, so frequent and so dangerous on Lake Uri, cannot fail to admire the accuracy of detail and the general effect of Schiller's description of the same. Never has a poet described so graphically

BRUNNEN.

the low-lying earth, as it is seen from a great height, through the rifts of the clouds; the very spirit of the mountain world breathes in the following lines:

"The mountain-tops thunder, the cliffs tremble all;
The huntsman climbs fearless the steep, rocky wall;
He strides on undaunted
O'er ice-fields and snow;
There spring never blossoms
There green things ne'er grow.
Like a sea swims the mist 'twixt the earth and the sky;
No longer the cities of men, meet his eye;
Through the rifted cloud only
The world can be seen;
Far under the vapors
The broad fields of green."

From Brunnen many pleasant excursions can be made. First of all we take a walk along the famous Axenstrasse, a road eight and a half miles long, skirting the steep shores of the lake, and for the most part hewn out of the solid rock. There are many tunnels, with outlooks or windows cut out of the solid stone, affording glimpses of the lake, and the snowy slopes of the Uri Rothstock beyond. No more picturesque views can be found in Switzerland than those that come upon us from time to

time as we walk along this remarkable road. One place we cannot fail to visit is the little ledge of rock, at the base of the Axenberg, known as Tell's Platte, which is a station on the St. Gotthard railroad. This is the spot where, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore from the boat in which he was being carried off as a prisoner by Gessler. It shares with the Rütli, on the other side of the lake, the glory of being one of the chief objects of the pious pilgrimage of all lovers of freedom. On this small ledge there is a chapel, rebuilt in 1883, on the site of another chapel, said to have been erected by the canton Uri in 1388. The interior of the chapel is adorned by four frescoes by Stackelberg, representing, first, the scene in the market-place at Altdorf, just after Tell has shot the apple from his son's head, when Gessler, seeing the second arrow and learning that it was destined for him, in case Tell had slain his own child, is ordering the arrest of the patriot. Next, we see the scene at Tell's Platte itself; Tell has jumped ashore, pushed back the boat into the angry waters of the lake with his foot, leaving Gessler mad with disappointment and rage, and fear. Then comes the scene in the Hohle Gasse,

where Tell lay in wait for the tyrant and shot him through the heart. The final fresco depicts the historic scene at Rütli; the three patriots Stauffacher, Fürst, and the man from Melchi, stand with their right hands raised and their left hands clasped together, swearing to keep the Everlasting Compact, that corner-stone of Swiss liberty.

The Axenstrasse leads as far as Flüelen, at the southern end of the lake, eight miles from Brunnen, where, if we have the time, we can take the train, and in a few minutes reach Altdorf, a mile and a half away. This is the place where Tell performed his exhibition of skilled archery on the apple; his birthplace is said to be the little village of Bürglen, a mile away. A statue in bronze, representing the hero and his son, stands now on the spot where the apple was shot. Some years ago I was witness of a pleasant scene in this quiet little village. A number of schoolboys, led by their teachers, had come on a pilgrimage to Altdorf. They had gone the round of sight-seeing, had seen the old flags of Uri, and the Capuchin monastery, and now gathered piously about the statue and listened to a patriotic lecture by one of the teachers and

then, with bared heads, sang songs expressive of love for the Fatherland.

But we have lingered enough in these charming places, and must hurry back to Brunnen, for we have one more trip to make, the most enjoyable of all. Instead of taking the steamboat, which stops only a few minutes at each station, and instead of joining the eager, noisy crowd of tourists, whose constant chatter in all European languages disturbs the meditation and reverence which ought to accompany our visits to these places, hallowed by nature and by patriotic memories and by art, we would do far better to hire one of the numerous rowboats, and row out over the lake. We must take care, however, that the Föhn does not catch us, for this dreaded wind swoops down upon the waters, almost without warning, lashes the waters of the lake into a tumultuous mass of waves, and renders all navigation fraught with danger. On a clear day, however, nothing is pleasanter than this boat ride over Lake Uri; the dark blue waters sparkle in the sunlight; far to the north the irregular outline of the shores fades away in the distance; nearer at hand we see the green slopes of Seelisberg, and, dominating all, the

THE AXENSTRASSE.

Uri-Rothstock. We cross to the other side, skirt along the perpendicular walls, pass by the Mythenstein, a rock eighty feet high, bearing the inscription "Dem Sänger Tells" (to the Poet of Tell), and finally come to the landing-place whence the ascent is made to the Rütli, a sloping meadow, or opening in the forest, as is indicated by its name. As everybody knows, this is the spot where on the night of November 7, 1307, thirty-three men met and swore to drive out their oppressors. Just as at Tre Fontane near Rome, they show you three springs, formed by the head of St. Paul, which, after he was decapitated, struck the ground three times, so here we are shown three springs of clear water, said to have been formed on the spot where the three great patriots stood, Stauffacher, Fürst, and the man from Melchi.

It is hard to indulge in revery and poetry in the midst of the constant stream of travellers coming and going; and yet a short visit to these famous shrines of Swiss liberty cannot help touching deeply our hearts and imagination. And as the shades of evening come upon us, as the sun sets behind the mountains, the stars come out, a cool breeze blows over the

lake, and we row back softly to Brunnen, the spirit of the place sinks deep into our hearts, and the words of Mrs. Hemans rise unconsciously to our minds:

"The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,
In the name of liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed.
But their rest is only deep,
Till their country's hour of need.
For the Kühreihen's notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on Freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep."

CHAPTER V

BERN AND ITS ENVIRONS

ONE of the oldest of Swiss passes is the Brünig, over which we go by railroad to Meiringen and Interlaken. Leaving the station at Lucerne we pass by Alpnachstad, a starting point for the Pilatus railroad, traverse a long valley and then begin to climb to the top of the Pass. There is one place where it is worth while to stop for an hour or two, if we have time, Sarnen, the capital of the western part of the Canton Unterwalden; for here in the Rathhaus is preserved the oldest version of the story of William Tell, in the so-called *White Book of Sarnen.* But the vast majority of tourists have no time for such details, and hurry on, passing by the Sarnen See, the little town of Lungern, and having reached the top of the Pass begin the descent of the steep rocks which soon brings them to Meiringen. Leaving Meiringen for the time being, we pass on to Brienz, where we

take the steamer, and in about an hour and a half are set ashore at Interlaken. This famous place, as its name indicates, occupies the little alluvial plain called the Bödeli, situated between the twin lakes of Thun and Brienz. To-day it is one of the most popular and fashionable of all Swiss resorts. The main street, the Höheweg, is flanked by large and handsome hotels, by shops for the sale of wood-carving and various trinkets, by dance-halls and by the Kursaal, that indispensable adjunct of all European resorts, where the conventional band is always playing and the well known and rather mild form of gambling, *les petits chevaux* (the little horses), is always in active operation. During the whole season this famous street is crowded with visitors from all parts of the world, and always on the horizon between the steep cliffs that shut in the valley of Lauterbrunnen is seen the snowy summit of the famous Jungfrau.

Pleasant as Interlaken is in itself, it is chiefly important as a centre for all sorts of excursions. But, before we enter upon these, it will pay us to spend some time in visiting Bern. This is easily done, for the old town is less than an hour's ride from Thun by railroad.

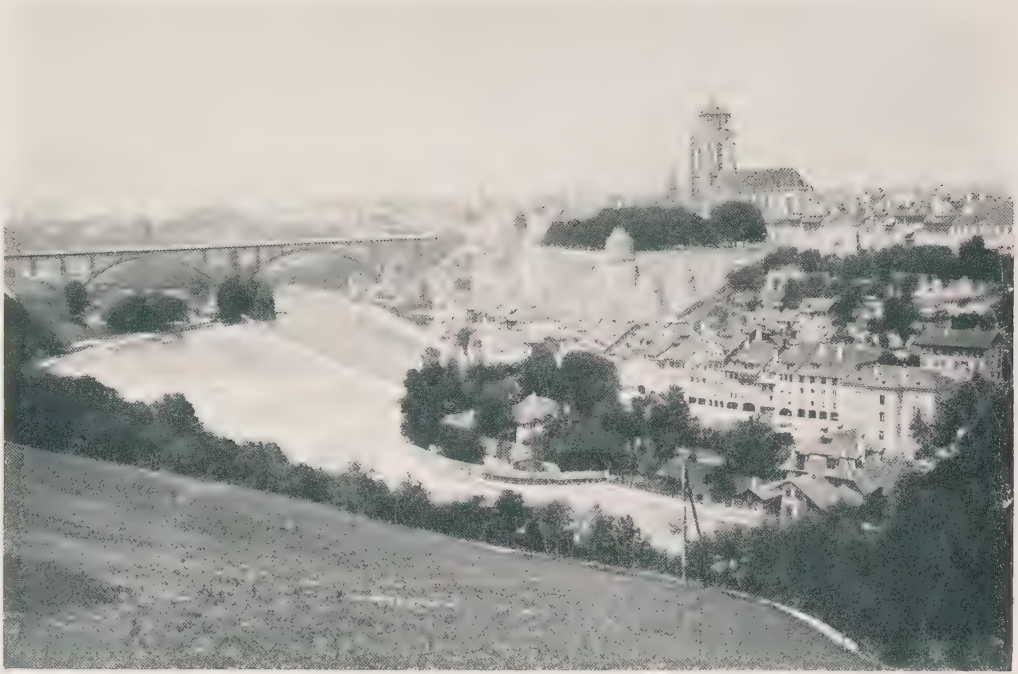
In the rush to get through the regular Swiss round, travellers usually slight this most interesting old town. But they little know the charm that it contains. Among the pleasantest memories of the many Swiss sojourns it has been my good fortune to enjoy, none is more pleasant than the month spent in Bern some years ago. There was a pleasant party of us, among whom there was one American family, who had come to spend a day or two, and had ended by spending a month. We had an excellent boarding place, in the Pension Herter on the Kramgasse. This is situated in one of the oldest houses of Bern, and is still the meeting-place for the guild of gold- and silversmiths, whose members consist of the oldest families of the city, some of them running back five or six hundred years. One of my neighbours at the table belonged to the famous noble family of Von Mülinen, which dates from the very foundation of the city.

For the history of Bern is as full of glory as that of any of the republics of ancient or modern times. In the early centuries of the Middle Ages the larger part of the present Canton of Bern was a part of the kingdom

of Burgundy, and later came under the sovereignty of the Dukes of Zähringen, whose headquarters were in Burgdorf. In 1191, Berchtold V founded the city of Bern, which after the line of the Zähringen had died out, won its independence. The city increased so rapidly in property and power, that soon the mightiest states sought its alliance. In 1218, the Emperor Frederick II recognised it as a free imperial city; and we have seen how in 1339, under the command of Rudolf von Erlach they, with help from the Forest Cantons, won the victory at the battle of Laupen. In 1353 it joined the confederation, and from that time on has had its share in the development of the Swiss nation.

So pleasant were the memories left by my previous sojourn in Bern, that last summer when the opportunity came to revisit Switzerland, I deliberately put aside the temptation to use the time in general travel and settled once more in Bern, making, however, many trips from here as a centre.

And after all this is the only way to get the rest that ought to be the chief object of a vacation; and it is the only way to get genuine enjoyment. When we travel about day after



BERN AND RIVER AAR.

day, the vexations attendant upon catching trains, putting up at strange hotels, and the nervous strain of travel itself, spoil to a large degree the real pleasure and benefit of our travels. The number of the homesick, cynical and disgusted tourists would be less, if they settled down in one place instead of rushing over the country, in the mad endeavour to see all things. I know this to be true, for I have had the experience of both methods.

I think there can be no doubt that Bern, in its own way, is one of the most beautiful, and certainly one of the pleasantest cities in the world. It is situated on the elevated banks of a rapid river, the Aar, which flows out of Lake Thun, and which gives to the Rhine half of its waters. A sudden turn of the river encloses the city on three of its four sides, thus forming a high promontory on which the city is built. As the old Swiss poem has it:

"Durch dunkle Tannenwälder, durch schöner Matten grün,
Durch sanfte Hügelketten, wo schmucke Blumen blühn,
Bricht sich von Thuns Gestalden die Aare Schäumend Bahn;
Am Ufer lauschen Rehe, die sich zur Tränke Nahn.

"Doch plötzlich schweigt das Rauschen, die Wellen Ziehen leis,
Durchs schöne Talgelände, durch Grüner Matten Kreis;
Hier ragt auf wald'gem Hügel ein Stolzes Jägerschloss
Drin weilet Herzog Berchthold mit seinen Rittertross." [1]

All around, the slopes of this high promontory are covered with well-kept grassy lawns, while here and there lofty terraces are built up on stone banks, forming a sort of park, planted with trees and flowers and commanding beautiful views of the river below, the hills and valleys of the immediate country, while the snowy range of the Bernese Oberland, in a literal sense "lend enchantment to the view."

Most of the streets in the older part of the town have side-galleries, with massive arches, under which one can walk for long distances under cover, except when crossing the streets. This system of arches under the houses is

[1] Through groves of dark-green fir-trees, through the meadows' lighter green, through gentle chains of hills, where lovely flowers are seen; the Aar, foaming, breaks a passage for itself from the shores of Lake Thun; on its bank the deer stand and listen, where they come to quench their thirst. Then suddenly the roar of the waters cease; the waves flow softly through the beautiful landscape of the valley, and the circle of green meadows. Here on the wooded summit of a hill a proud castle rises, — the residence of Duke Berchthold and his retinue of knights.

said to have been derived from the Lombard towns, on the one hand, and to have been imitated, on the other hand, by the Palais Royal arcades, and the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. Abundant streams of water flow night and day in open conduits set in the centre of the street, while frequent fountains of artistic design and broad basins, furnish the people with an unfailing supply of the purest water, and make perennial music with their soft murmur. Numerous parks adorn the city, while magnificent forests rise all around to the very gates of the city, with broad sylvan avenues, and seats at the side of the road for the weary traveller. It is interesting to read the account of an intelligent French traveller, nearly one hundred years ago, and see how closely his description corresponds with the Bern of the present day. He speaks of the beauty of the surrounding country, "the whole country has the appearance of English pleasure-grounds." He speaks of the innate dignity, comfort and independence of the men, "I never saw such a proud looking set of men as the Bernese peasants, nor any better fed and clad." He tells of the Roman-like majesty of the city itself, points out how luxury here

has been chiefly directed to objects of public utility, and how by the "side of those gigantic terraces, of those fine fountains, and noble shades, you see only simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any beggarly ones." These remarks are here quoted, because of their fitness to describe the Bern of to-day, after a lapse of nearly one hundred years. How many other cities have remained so true to the traditions of the past? Especially worthy of renewed emphasis, in this day of noisy and bustling cities, is the quiet dignity which strikes the traveller in Bern to-day, as it struck M. Simond in the year 1817, — its wealth, its silence, the absence of bustle, a certain stateliness and reserved demeanour in the inhabitants, and the whole spirit which shows that although it is rich, it is not primarily a money-making town.

Never shall I forget the quiet days spent at Bern, wandering through its quaint streets, with the sidewalks built under the upper stories of the houses, supported by immense arches and pillars. The shop-windows are attractive, filled with objects of art, carved wood, and other souvenirs of Switzerland. The streets are picturesque, with their handsome

fountains, some very ancient, and all artistically attractive. On market days the peasants come in from the country and line the streets with their wagons, often drawn by dogs, and set up booths and stands containing fruit, vegetables, flowers and various kinds of meat.

One of my chief delights was to study the people; and the impression grew on me more and more that here is a nation, among the most prosperous, comfortable, moral, upright and brave in the world. Two summers ago I left Paris one July morning and after an all day's ride arrived in Bern at sunset. The contrast between the old Swiss city and the *Ville Lumière*, as Victor Hugo calls Paris, where I had spent two months, was indeed striking. On the one hand the gay and brilliant Boulevards, with their brilliantly lighted shops, their theatres, their cafés, the whole atmosphere of amusement and pleasure; on the other hand a quiet, respectable, some might say, dull provincial town. After supper at the pension I went out and walked over the Bridge, and seeing a great crowd, approached and found a man, surrounded by an earnest interested crowd of men, women and children, preaching an open air temperance sermon.

Later on, a so-called tent mission was held for several weeks, in which some three thousand earnest people listened to old-time preaching of the Gospel. On one occasion I had an opportunity of seeing the natural, inborn courtesy of these sturdy people; a great crowd filled the tent, men and women were standing all around, in the aisles, and behind the seats. From time to time a man or woman would get up, beckon to some one standing, and insist on his or her taking a seat, so that nearly everybody had a chance to sit down during a part of the service.

On Sunday the shops are closed more tightly than in England, and it is difficult at times even to find a café or cigar store open. The quiet nature of the Swiss is seen also in the way in which they celebrate the first of August, their national holiday. I had previously seen the way in which Paris celebrates the French holiday, the Fourteenth of July, had seen the booths set up in all the boulevards and public squares, the carrousels, the petty gambling establishments, the trained fleas, the crowds that drank their absinthe and vermouth on the sidewalks before the cafés, and especially the mad carnival of dancing on

the public streets all night long. Here in Bern during the day business went on as usual; but in the evening there were fireworks, illumination, and concerts, all done quietly and without noisy demonstration. And yet no one would dare to deny patriotism to the Swiss.

Most delightful hours can be passed in the Kleine Schanze, with the beautiful view of the Bernese Oberland before us; on the Münster Terrace watching the children at play; or wandering along the river and over the bridges in the suburbs. Nothing is more striking than the way in which Bern has made a veritable park of all its surroundings, the river banks, the roads all around, are neat, carefully swept, adorned with bright green lawns and beds of flowers. My home is in one of the most beautiful towns of New England, but a year or so ago when I returned from abroad, the thing that struck me most was the contrast between such places as Bern and most American cities, the latter with their shanties springing up around the railroad, their often uncleaned streets, their roads flanked by unsightly ditches, and their streams uncared for and unimproved.

Our room opened out on the Kramgasse,

which is one of the busiest streets of Bern. There was a little iron balcony outside the window, and one could sit literally for hours watching the scene below. There was a fountain below, the only source from which all the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses could obtain their water, and to and from which a constant succession of women and children were going and coming. It was in the early Fall, and the old hereditary citizens of the town enjoyed, as one of their prerogatives, the privilege of getting their fuel from the municipal forests. So all day long we saw them sawing and chopping the logs in the open street.

There are a good many things to see in Bern, the old clock-tower, with its moving figures, which come out at the end of the hour; the famous bear-pits, which Oliver Wendell Holmes says were the only things he remembered of the place; the Federal building, the Town library, and the old Cathedral. Then there is the famous view of the Alps from the Kleine Schanze, the great attraction of the town.

But there are likewise many delightful trips to the country round about, to the flour-

THE BERNESE ALPS.

ishing villages ensconced in the deep velvety green meadows.

One trip I took will long linger in my memory, that on a bright October day to the village of Langnau, where I was invited to dine with the village pastor, in the quaint old Swiss chalet, in which he lived, surrounded by his children, like a patriarch. It was from this village, or rather from the valley of the Emme in which it is situated, that many of the earliest settlers of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, came in the beginning of the eighteenth century. And as I sat in the cheerful sunny room of the town-hall, where the archives were kept, I found as I turned over the old family records, running back to the sixteenth century, many a name which has become well known in American history today. I have already spoken of the Swiss settlements in Pennsylvania, and how they came chiefly from the Cantons of Bern and Zürich. These Anabaptists, or Quakers, or Mennonites, as they are variously called, were finally forced to leave the Canton of Bern and sail down the Aar in boats made especially for them, then down the Rhine to Rotterdam, and so to the New World. I cannot forbear quot-

ing here the graphic description given of the departure of this fleet, by Herr Müller, with whom I dined that in Langnau, in his book *Die Bernischen Täufer*, inasmuch as among the passengers were the ancestors of many prominent Pennsylvania families, and, it may be, of not a few of the readers of this book. "It has been frequently described," says Herr Müller, "how the exiled Salzburger Protestants, laden with their scanty possessions, crossed the mountains of their native land, and with tears in their eyes, looked back to the valleys of their home; it has been described how the bands of French emigrants wandered over the frontiers of their native land singing psalms. Our friends from the Emmenthal and the Oberland found no sympathy among their fellow Swiss, as the towers of the cathedral of Bâle and the wooded heights of the Jura faded in the distance. Sitting on boxes and bundles, which were piled high in the middle of the boat, could be seen gray-haired men and women, old and feeble; yonder stood the young gazing in wonder at the shores as they slipped by. At times they were hopeful, at others sad, and their glances moved alternately, now to the north, now to the south, toward their aban-

doned home, which had driven them out so unfeelingly, and yet whose green hills and snow-capped mountains they cannot forget. Despite the comforts of religion, their sadness could not be overcome, and from time to time some one would begin to sing, —

"Ein Herzensweh mir überkam,
Im Scheiden über d'Massen,
Als ich von euch mein Abschied nam,
Und dessmals müst verlassen.
Mein Herz war bang
Beharrlich lang;
Es bleibt noch unvergessen.
Ob Scheid ich gleich,
Bleibt's Herz bei euch,—
Wie solt ich euch vergessen?" [1]

Many are the pleasant trips to be taken from Bern as a centre. There is the Gurten, a high hill, green to the top with meadows, pastures, and forests, a short distance from the city, on the summit of which one can gaze upon a wide-spread panorama, with the lower lying hills all around Bern spread out at our feet

[1] Deep sorrow came over me as the time came to depart, and I was forced to say farewell and leave you. For a long time my heart was full of anxious thoughts. What matter if I go now, my heart remains with you; — how could I ever forget you?

with the blue waters of the Aar flowing around it; toward the north, the blue hills of the Jura, and toward the south, the mighty, snow-capped summits of the Bernese Oberland, while to the west, one can catch a glimpse of the lakes of Murten and Neufchâtel.

Then there is the little town of Worb, seven miles from Bern, reached by tramway, a prosperous, well-built village, with large comfortable houses, flourishing fields, and a number of industrial plants. From the pleasantly located castle a beautiful view is seen, with the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

Longer excursions can also be made, such as that to Freiburg, picturesquely situated on both shores of the river Saane, vying with Bern, and not unlike it, in beauty of situation. The great suspension bridge is one of the most imposing works of its kind in Switzerland, and the cathedral, with its majestic tower, its beautiful chime of bells, make it well worth a visit. Two things are of special interest in the cathedral of Freiburg, one, the noble sculptures on the main portal, representing the Last Judgment, and the magnificent organ, which is far superior to any other in

Switzerland, second to but few in the rest of Europe.

Then there is the city of Bienne, situated at the foot of the Jura, with its houses built mostly in old style, and its wildly romantic ravine of the Taubenschlucht, its magnificent forests, its famous view-point, Macolin, reached by cable-road, whence a wide view over the Jura mountains is to be had.

But the most enjoyable of all trips, which I took in this leisurely kind of way, was to the little old town of Schwarzenburg, on the frontier between the Cantons of Bern and Freiberg, high up among the hills. Formerly this beautifully located place was almost inaccessible; but now a railroad brings it to the very gates of Bern. It is surrounded by the finest of meadows, pasture lands, and cultivated fields, and is a flourishing centre for raising the best breed of cattle. It contains many quaint and picturesque old buildings, in the genuine Bernese style of architecture, town hall, private houses, churches, and a sunny, friendly little castle.

It was a bright and beautiful day in late August when I took the train at Bern and slowly moved out across the country, passing

the suburbs, leaving behind us the loftily situated city, with its cathedral towering over all, passing the Gurten, and then a number of villages, and gradually mounting the side of the hills on which Schwarzenburg is situated. I spent several hours in this lovely place, admiring the beautiful country on all sides, the quaint houses, the barns built on the side-hill, each with its pile of wood, and its pile of manure around it, but saved from disagreeable appearance by the numerous flowers of brilliant hues, growing not only in the garden, but at the windows as well.

As I walked along men, women and children would give me a friendly nod, and say "Grüss Gott!" the simple but touching salutation of the Swiss peasants. Outside the pretty little castle a woman was sitting on a bench, sewing, while her children were playing at her feet. The day was cool, bright and clear; the sun shone softly on the weather-beaten chalets and on the white *Schloss*, making altogether an exceedingly pleasant scene.

All around was green grass, clear running water; numerous groups of children were playing; men and women were working in the fields and gardens, or walking along with their

rakes over their shoulders. It was an idyllic picture of the primitive life of the Swiss peasants, absolutely free from the intrusion of tourists; the only modern note I saw was a boy on a bicycle. Involuntarily, I murmured to myself, "If God ever made a fair country, out of rolling hills and pleasant valleys, green meadows and pastures, and pure free air, surely Schwarzenburg is such a country."

The most conspicuous object in the landscape is a little white church situated on an isolated round hill, and visible from all points of the horizon. Thither I made my way, directed by a peasant woman, who pointed out a narrow "waag" across fields. It was a hard climb, but well repaid the trouble when I arrived there. Never have I seen a more variedly beautiful landscape of an idyllic character than is seen from the hill. On the horizons all around was a line of mountains; the rolling landscape nearer at hand was composed of many valleys, hills and amphitheatres, all different from each other, and each one attractive in its own way. Here and there comfortable houses, some with red roofs, stately barns dotted the scene; the green of the

meadow was dotted by the gold of the harvest fields, men and women were working in the fields, and through the still air came up the sound of bells striking the hour, the sharpening of the scythe on the stone, the cawing of crows and the shouts and laughter of children at play in the distance.

I wandered through the quiet graveyard that surrounds the church on all sides and covers completely the plateau which forms the summit of the hill. A gentle melancholy stole over me, as I read the names and inscriptions on the tombstones, where

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Suddenly I saw a marble pillar, in striking contrast to the humble graves around it, and approaching, read this inscription: "In loving memory of Robert Sydney Hunt, captain Royal Navy, suddenly called home August 3, 1907, aged 63: Au revoir. I Thess. IV. 16–18."

How was it that this distinguished Englishman came to be buried in this little graveyard, so far away from the "Madding crowd's ignoble strife"? I know not, but surely no more beautiful place can be imagined than

this delectable mountain, from which to be "called home."

But we must leave Bern, however reluctantly, and hasten back to Interlaken. Before we go, however, let us ascend to the hill of the Schänzli and see once more the famous view of the Alps. Before us lies the city, with the forest-covered Gurten beyond, and to the left the long line of the Bernese Alps, the Wetterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau, "faintly flushed and phantom fair" on the distant horizon. Even Addison who lived before the days of nature worship, and did not care for snow mountains, admired this view: "There is the noblest summer prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a noble range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons [sic] and are buried in snow." Matthew Arnold has well caught the spirit in his poem entitled the *Terrace at Bern:*

"The clouds are on the Oberland,
The Jungfrau snows look faint and far,
But bright are those green fields at hand,
And through these fields comes down the Aar."

No wonder the people of Bern are proud of their native land, or that they love it and are

ready to die for it; for in the words of one of their songs, in the Bernese dialect:

"O Schwizerland, mi Heimet,
Was cha me Schöners gseh?
D'schneebärge hell im Sunn-glanz,
Wo isch so ne prächtige Chranz?
Juhee! Juhee! Juhee!" [1]

[1] O Switzerland, my home-land,
What can more fair be seen?
The snow-summits shine in the glow of the sun; —
Where else is such a noble garland of mountains?
All hail! All hail! All hail!

CHAPTER VI

THE BERNESE OBERLAND

INTERLAKEN enjoys a delightful situation, in the middle of the Bödeli, the level plain between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Forming a part of the Canton of Bern itself, its frontiers touch those of the Cantons of Lucerne and the Valais, as well as those of other districts of Bernese territory, the Oberhasle, Thun, Signau and Frutigen.

It derives its name from the former Augustinian Monastery, called *Inter Lacus*, from its situation between the Lakes of Thun and Brienz. On all sides are magnificent views of snow-covered Alps, while nearer at hand are low lying hills covered with forests and pastures, pleasant valleys and rich meadow lands, watered by innumerable clear running streams.

The above-mentioned monastery, which was founded in 1131 and contained fifty monks and forty nuns, attained through the generosity of lords and princes to enormous wealth, but was disbanded when the Reformation broke out.

The old church buildings have still been used for religious service, and the foreigners who have visited Interlaken have made common use of them in the most harmonious fashion, the English occupying the choir, the Catholics the nave, and the Scotch and French Protestants some of the adjoining chapels. At present, however, the erection of a beautiful new church building has rendered this arrangement unnecessary.

Interlaken is a flourishing Luftkur-ort, with the finest excursions close at hand, and these, with its own lovely situation, has made it one of the most famous summer resorts in the world. The chief and never failing attraction of Interlaken is the view of the Jungfrau, as it is seen at the other end of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, a view that is unsurpassed even in Switzerland, and which has been the subject of innumerable descriptions in prose and poetry. Perhaps the most beautiful of these is the poem of Stopford Brooke, entitled the *Jungfrau's Cry:*

"I, virgin of the snows, have lived
Uncounted years apart;
Mated with sunlight, stars, and heaven,
But I am cold at heart.

THE JUNGFRAU FROM INTERLAKEN.

"High mates! Ye teach me purity,
And lonely thought and truth;
But I have never lived, and yet,
I have eternal youth.

"Blow, tropic winds, and warm rains fall,
And melt my snowy crest;
Let soft woods clothe my shoulders fair,
Deep grass lie on my breast.

"And let me feed a thousand herds,
And hear the tinkling bells,
Till the brown chalets cluster close
In all my stream-fed dells.

"So may I hear the sweep of scythes,
And beating of the flails,
My maidens singing as they spin,
And the voice of nightingales.

"And little children in their joy,
And where my violets hide,
Soft interchange of lover's vows
Sweet hymns at eventide.

"Alas! cold sunlight, stars and Heaven,
My high companions call.
The ice-clad life is pure and stern,
I am weary of it all."

There are so many excursions to be taken from Interlaken that we hardly know where to begin. There are the places in the immedi-

ate neighbourhood, reached by short walks amid delightful scenery, such as Heimwehfluh, Rugen, the ruins of Unspunnen, Hohbühl, and Bönigen; there are the more distant trips such as Beatenberg and Thun on the Lake of Thun; and the similar trips on the companion lake of Brienz, especially the famous waterfall of the Giessbach, one of the most popular of all spots in the Bernese Oberland, where we see the great body of water leaping in seven cascades, from rock to rock, in the midst of the dark green foliage of the forest, the total height of the falls being nearly one thousand feet.

Still more distant, and a hard yet exceedingly pleasant trip is that of the Schynige Platte and the Faulhorn, from which we get a magnificent near at hand view of the whole range of Bernese mountains.

Much has been said of the "Fremdenindustrie" of Switzerland, the exploitation of foreign tourists; and it is true that a large proportion of the Swiss people make a living from this source. It shows itself in various ways, in the keeping of hotels, for the Swiss have gained an international reputation in this respect; many of the finest hotels in other

lands are kept by Swiss, and one finds them as waiters scattered all over Europe. Another source of income is the exploitation of the scenery of their native land, every waterfall, every fine view, every mountain is made to become a source of income. This aspect of Swiss travel has been finely satirised by Daudet in his genial book, *Tartarin in the Alps*, in which the hero is informed by his friend Bompard that the whole country is exploited by a rich stock company, with billions of dollars, and headquarters at Geneva and London. "Advance into the interior, you will not find the smallest corner which is not the occasion of tricks and manipulations, like the machinery under the opera stage, cascades illuminated as bright as day, turnstiles at the entrance to glaciers, and everywhere, to ascend the mountains, innumerable railroads."

Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, speaks to the same effect of modern travel, only with a deeper bitterness of soul: "I say you will find, not knowing to how few I speak; for in order to find what is fairest you must delight in what is fair; and I know not how few or how many there may be who take such delight. Once I

could speak joyfully about beautiful things, thinking to be understood, now I cannot any more; for it seems to me that no one regards them. Wherever I look or travel in England or abroad, I see that men, wherever they can reach, destroy all beauty. They seem to have no other desire or hope but to be able to have large houses and to be able to move fast. Every perfect and lovely spot which they can touch, they defile. Thus, the railroad bridge over the Fall of Schaffhausen and that round the Clarens shore of the lake of Geneva, have destroyed the power of two pieces of scenery of which nothing can ever supply the place, in appeal to the higher ranks of European mind."

What would be Mr. Ruskin's language if he could visit Switzerland to-day, it is dreadful to contemplate. For in respect to railroad building, Switzerland has indeed exploited her natural resources to a marvellous extent. Without coal, she has harnessed innumerable waterfalls and running streams, and developed a system of electrical engineering which is unsurpassed. The whole system of mountain railroads in Switzerland dates from the inventions of the Swiss engineers, Näff, Zschokke,

and Ruggenbach, about the time that a similar railroad was opened on Mt. Washington in the White Mountains, in 1868. The first of these Swiss roads was opened May 21, 1870, on the Rigi. From that time they have multiplied a hundredfold, until to-day, there is hardly a mountain or hill throughout the length and breadth of the land that has not its rack-and-pinion, or hydraulic railroad. There is no better place to study the subject of mountain railroads than Interlaken and its environs, especially the round-trip which every body is expected to make to Lauterbrunnen, Wengern, Grindelwald and back again.

This trip, which in its way is unique, can be made with the utmost comfort. We take the train at the east end of the town, wind around the broad alluvial plain, past the station of Wilderswil, where those bound for the Schynige Platte change cars; we cross the Lütschine river, pass through the woods, and finally reach the station of Zweilütschinen, so-called because it is the junction of the Black and White Lütschine, the former descending from Grindelwald, the latter from the Lauterbrunnen Valley. The road to Grindelwald branches off here; but we continue our journey, along

the White Lütschine into the valley of Lauterbrunnen. As we advance and see on all sides the waterfalls leaping from the cliffs we understand at once the name of the valley, "nothing but fountains." The valley itself is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, so narrow that it seems a mere cleft in the gigantic mass of limestone cliffs, varying from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height. At the village of Lauterbrunnen itself, the sun's rays penetrate the valley, in winter, not before eleven o'clock in the morning, and disappear at a correspondingly early hour in the afternoon.

The village is now a typical tourist centre, with its hotels, groups of guides, and shops for the sale of wood carving and various souvenirs. But nothing can destroy the magnificence of its scenery; to the left the mighty mass of the Jungfrau rises almost perpendicularly from the valley, to the right rises the Breithorn; all along the valley are magnificent waterfalls such as the Trümmelbach, and around the end of the valley, the Schmadribach. But the most famous of all falls, perhaps the best known of all European waterfalls is the Staubbach, or the Dust-Brook. This strikingly beautiful fall leaps from the

THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY.

precipice above and falls a sheer thousand feet, to the valley below, but long before it reaches the bottom, the water is turned into spray which sways to and fro in the wind.

There is one place the traveller cannot afford to fail to visit while here, and that is Mürren, perched on the edge of the steep precipice above Lauterbrunnen. There is a strangely attractive combination here of a rich Alpine flora (flowers of every kind and color embroidering the deep green velvet of the meadows) and the wildest and most magnificent of mountain scenery. Right in front of us is the tremendous mass of the Jungfrau, so near that apparently it could be reached by a stone thrown by a child; beyond it are the Eiger, the Mönch, and the whole range of giant peaks covered with a mantle of dazzling snow, with the great rivers of ice flowing between them. Especially at sunset is the scene beautiful, when the white light of noonday has passed away and the highest peaks are flushed with that indescribably beautiful phenomenon the "Alpine Glow." So, too, the morning is beautiful beyond compare, as we look through our window in the hotel, while the air is cool and clear, and the first rays of

the sun touch the snow-clad mountain tops, and we gaze entranced, as fuller and fuller,

"The dawn like a river comes rolling in."

All these experiences are well summed up by John Addington Symonds who loved the Alps with a passionate love, and who has described their charm in poetry and prose better than any one else:

"At Mürren let the morning lead thee out,
To walk upon the cold and cloven hills
To hear the congregated mountains shout
Their pæan of a thousand foaming rills.
Raimented with intolerable light
The sun-peaks stand above them row on row,
Arising, each a seraph in his might."

But it is time now to start on the famous railroad journey from Lauterbrunnen over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, and back to Interlaken. This is one of the most impressive trips in the world. We are here in the very heart of the Bernese Oberland which Sir Leslie Stephen has declared to be superior in grandeur and design even to Chamonix or Zermatt. "No earthly object," he adds, "that I have seen, approaches in grandeur to

the stupendous mountain wall whose battlements overhang in mid-air the villages of Lauterbrunnen and Grinde'wald; the lower hills that rise beneath it, like the long Atlantic rollers beaten back from the Granite Cliffs of our Western Coast, are a most effective contrast to its stern magnificence; in the whole Alps there is no ice-stream to be compared to the noble Aletsch glacier, sweeping in one majestic curve from the crest of the ridge down to the forests of the Rhone Valley; no mountains, not even the Aiguilles of Mt. Blanc or the Matterhorn itself, can show a more graceful outline than the Eiger."

Climbing the steep slopes on the other side of Lauterbrunnen, we soon pass the pleasant little summer resort of Wengen, and with the snow-clad mountains and glaciers constantly before us, we ascend towards the Wengern Alp. Here we will do well to leave the train and walk as far as the Little Scheidegg. The walk is an easy one, with only a gradual ascent, and can be made in less than an hour. We should linger, however, as long as possible on the Wengern Alp, situated directly opposite the Jungfrau, which is only separated from us by the deep ravine of the Trümleten valley,

from which it seems to rise almost with its entire height of over 13,000 feet.

From here we have an excellent opportunity to examine the interesting alpine phenomenon of avalanches. For in warm summer weather they can be seen two or three times an hour. First we see far up the mountain a slight movement, and then a small quantity, as it seems, of snow begins to fall; then it increases in size and finally the mighty mass can be seen rolling and tumbling over the steep rocky sides of the mountain and finally fall into the Trümleten valley at its base. The distance, however, is too great, over two miles, to allow us to appreciate the true grandeur of this phenomenon; with its powdery appearance, it is rather pretty than terrible. And yet there is nothing more dreaded by the mountaineer than these masses of soft and beautiful snow, and the annals of Swiss mountain-climbing are full of terrible accidents.

The Wengern Alp is usually passed over by the hurrying hordes of tourists, who make the trip from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, Grindelwald and back in a day. Yet it is well worthy of a longer stay. "Surely" says Sir Leslie Stephen, "the Wengern Alp must be precisely

MÖNCH AND EIGER.

the loveliest place in this world. To hurry past it, and listen to the roar of the avalanches, is a very unsatisfactory mode of enjoyment; it reminds one too much of letting off crackers in a cathedral. The mountains seem to be accomplices of the people who charge fifty centimes for an echo. But it does one's moral nature good to linger there at sunset, or in the early morning, when tourists have ceased from travelling, and the jaded cockney may enjoy a kind of spiritual bath in the soothing calmness of the scenery. It is delicious to lie upon the short crisp turf under the Lauberhorn, to listen to the distant cow-bells, and to try to catch the moment at which the last glow dies off the summit of the Jungfrau, or to watch a light summer mist driving by, and the great mountains looking through its rents at intervals from an apparently impossible height above the clouds. It is pleasant to look out in the early morning from one of the narrow windows, when the Jungfrau seems gradually to mould itself out of darkness, slowly to reveal every fold of its torn glaciers, and then to light up with an ethereal fire. The mountain might almost be taken for the original of the exquisite lines in *Tithonus:*

"Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renewed.
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine
E'er yet they blind the stars—and the wild team
That love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise
And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beat the sunlight into flakes of fire."

While we are resting at the Wengern Alp it may be pleasant to let our minds wander over the annals of mountain-climbing, and recall some of the ascents of the Jungfrau. The first ascent was made in 1811, by Rudolf and Hieronymus Meyer of Aaran; but up to 1851, it was accomplished only four times. One of these four ascents was made in 1841, by Agassiz, Desor, Forbes and Du Chatelier. They left the Grimsel at four o'clock in the morning, passed over glaciers and fields of ice, scaling almost perpendicular walls of rocks, over the Viesch glacier and arrived at six o'clock in the evening at the chalets of Märjelen, where they were to pass the night. The next day they mounted the great Aletsch glacier, which, being smooth and having the least inclination of all glaciers, made it possible for their progress to be rapid. So they went

on, encountering more and more difficult passages, till two P. M. they reached the Col du Roththal. They calculated that the last summit was about three hundred metres above them; and in spite of its steepness, they hoped to climb it in an hour. They soon saw, however, that the ascent was more difficult than they had thought, for in place of snow they met hard ice, in which the guides had to cut steps, thus making the advance slow. They had been climbing an hour, without being perceptibly nearer the top, when suddenly they were surrounded by a thick fog, through which those at one end of the rope could scarcely see those at the other end.

This was precisely at the steepest part of the ascent. The ice was so hard that at times they could only make fifteen steps in a quarter of an hour, while the cold was so intense that they were in constant danger of having their feet frozen. Seeing that their position was becoming really critical, Agassiz asked of Jacob the guide, if he still hoped to reach the summit. The latter answered, with his usual calmness, that he had never doubted their success, and with a cry of "Forward!" all

started again, with the same ardor as at the beginning. Nevertheless one of the guides had given up, being unable to stand any longer the sight of the precipices at their right. And indeed the road which they followed was well adapted to terrify those who were not sure of their head or legs. This last ridge, which has the form of a section of a cone, with one wall vertical, overlooks on the east the fields of snow which they had just crossed, and on the west the Firn or Nevé of the Roththal. The slope was a little steeper to the west, for the fragments of ice broken by each blow of the axe all rolled down this last valley.

As they had no time to lose, they mounted straight up the ridge without making any zigzags; the result was that "we had constantly the precipice before our eyes, being separated from it only by an overhanging roof of snow. Many times pushing out my alpenstock a little further than usual, I felt it sink through this layer of snow, which in some places was only about two feet thick; and our eyes could then, every time the fog was dissipated for a moment, plunge vertically through the hole made by the stick down to the great *cirque* which was at our feet." And so they went on,

until at last they reached the slope of a half-cone, and saw just before them the culminating point of the mountain. Of the thirteen who had started out, only eight remained; but in these eight, France, Germany, England, and Switzerland were all represented.

"Our eyes," says M. Desor, "met here for the first time the plain of Switzerland. We were on the western side of the section of the cone, having at our feet the mass of mountains which separates the valley of Lauterbrunnen from that of Grindelwald. Looking up, we saw with a sort of terror that the space which separated us from the culminating point was a ridge, almost as sharp as a knife-edge, six inches more or less in width, for a space of twenty feet, while on both sides the slope was from sixty to seventy degrees. 'It is impossible to pass over that,' said Agassiz, and all agreed except Jacob Leuthold, who said it could be done. Laying down the things he was carrying, he started out, passed his alpenstock over the ridge in such a way as to have the latter (the ridge) under his right arm, and walked along the eastern slope, packing as much as possible the snow under his feet, in order to facilitate his progress. He arrived

thus in an instant and without any difficulty at the summit. So much assurance and coolness aroused our courage, and when he returned in order to guide us over, no one dared to refuse.

"Agassiz mounted first to the little space, not much larger than two feet by one and a half which forms the actual summit of the Jungfrau. He remained there about five minutes, and when he joined us again, I saw that he was extremely agitated; he confessed, indeed, that he had never experienced such deep emotions. It was now my turn. I experienced no difficulty in crossing the ridge; but when I was at the summit, I could not, any more than Agassiz, keep control of the profound emotions in presence of this spectacle so crushing in its grandeur. I remained there only a few minutes, long enough, however, not to fear that the panorama from the Jungfrau will ever be effaced from my memory. Before us was extended the Swiss plain, and at our feet were stretched out the lower chains, which, by their apparent uniformity, seemed to exalt still more the mighty peaks which rose almost to our level. At the same time the valleys of the Oberland, which at the moment we had arrived, had been covered with light mists, now uncovered themselves in many places and allowed us to contemplate in a measure, through the fissures, the world below. We could distinguish on the right the valley of Grindelwald; on the left, in the depths

far below, an immense crevasse, and in the bottom of this, a shining thread which followed its windings in and out: it was the Valley of Lauterbrunnen and the Lütschine. But above all, the Eiger and the Mönch attracted our attention. We had some difficulty in believing that these were the same peaks which seem nearer to the sky than to the earth when seen from below. Here we looked down upon them, and their great nearness allowed us to observe them with a certain degree of detail, for we were separated from them only by the icy plain of the Aletsch. In the opposite direction, toward the west, arose another peak, less colossal but more graceful, whose slopes, entirely covered with snow, have given it the name of Silberhorn; in the same direction, we could discover many other peaks, likewise crowned with snow. These summits form the immediate retinue of the Jungfrau, which rises as a queen in the midst of them."

Among the names of famous men connected with the Bernese Oberland, — Grindelwald, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, etc., is that of Professor John Tyndall, the material for whose classic book, *The Glaciers of the Alps*, was largely drawn from this part of Switzerland. Lord Avebury says, in his Introduction to the above book, that we naturally think of Tyndall as a great scientific man, but he must likewise take high place in the ranks

of literature, especially for his descriptions of Alpine scenery, which are often vivid and full of remarkable literary beauty.

As we sit here, gazing at the Jungfrau, it may not be inappropriate to read some of these classic descriptions of other high mountains by which we are surrounded. In Tyndall's account of the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn (in 1858), we find the following description of an Alpine valley in the Oberland:

"I often turned," he says, "to look along this magnificent corridor. The mightiest mountains in the Oberland form its sides; still the impression which it makes is not that of vastness or sublimity, but of loveliness not to be described. The sun had not yet smitten the snows of the bounding mountains, but the saddle carved out a segment of the heavens which formed a background of unspeakable beauty. Over the rim of the saddle the sky was deep orange, passing upwards through amber, yellow, and vague ethereal green to the ordinary firmamental blue. Right above the snow-curve, purple clouds hung perfectly motionless, giving depth to the spaces between. There was something saintly in the scene. Anything more exquisite I never beheld. We

marched upwards over the smooth crisp snow to the crust of the saddle, and here I turned to take a last look along that grand corridor, and at that wonderful 'daffodil sky.' The sun's rays had already smitten the snows of the Aletschhorn; the radiance seemed to infuse a principle of life and activity into the mountains and glaciers, but still that holy light shone forth, and those motionless clouds floated beyond, reminding one of that eastern religion whose essence is the repression of all action and the substitution for it of immortal calm."

And finally we quote this other passage from *Mountaineering* (1861): "Skies and summits are to-day without a cloud, and no mist or turbidity interferes with the sharpness of the outlines. Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, Trugberg, cliffy Strahlgrat, stately, ladylike Aletschhorn, all grandly pierce the empyrean. Like a Saul of Mountains, the Finsteraarhorn overtops all his neighbours; then we have the Oberaarhorn, with the riven glacier of Viesch rolling from his shoulders. Below is the Märjelen See, with its crystal precipices and its floating icebergs, snowy-white, sailing on a blue-green sea. Beyond is the range which

divides the Valais from Italy. Sweeping around, the vision meets an aggregate of peaks which look as fledgelings to their mother, towards the mighty Dom. Then come the repellent crags of Mont Cervin; the ideal of moral savagery, of wild untamable ferocity, mingling involuntarily with our contemplation of the gloomy pile. Next comes an object, scarcely less grand, conveying, it may be, even a deeper impression of majesty and might than the Matterhorn itself, the Weisshorn, perhaps the most splendid object in the Alps. But beauty is associated with its force, and we think of it, not as cruel, but as grand and strong. Further to the right the great Combin lifts up his bare head; other peaks crowd around him, while at the extremity of the curve round which our gaze has swept rises the sovran crown of Mt. Blanc. And now, as day sinks, scrolls of pearly clouds draw themselves around the mountains crests, being wafted from them into the distant air. They are without color of any kind; still, by grace of form, and as the embodiment of lustrous light and most tender shade, their beauty is not to be described."

From the Little Scheidegg begins the de-

THE MÄRJELEN SEA.

scent to Grindelwald; but we cannot omit a visit here to the new railroad, which, when it is completed, will ascend to the very summit of the Jungfrau. The difficulties would seem to be insurmountable, but they were not so to the mind of Mr. Guyer Zeller of Zürich who, encouraged by the success of so many other minor railroad undertakings in Switzerland, boldly planned and at once set to work to carry out a road up the Jungfrau. Power was easily obtained from the torrents and streams which pour down from the glaciers above. The route to be taken had to be a roundabout one, for between the Scheidegg and the Jungfrau was a tremendous gorge, with precipitous sides, and filled with glaciers and fields of snow, while the Trümmelbach torrent rushes down the valley of Lauterbrunnen with irresistible force. The road then had to go chiefly through the mountains themselves; and the experience gained in the construction of the St. Gotthard, Mt. Cenis, and Simplon tunnels was now put to use in boring through the very bowels of the mountain. The road runs for the first mile to the foot of the Eiger Glacier, then entering a tunnel, it begins to rise, until it reaches the

station of the Eigerwand, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is assuredly one of the strangest railroad stations in the world. It is cut out of the solid rock, and the only source of light from the outside world is through the openings cut in the sides of the mountains. Approaching them the tourist can look out upon a strangely fascinating scene, embracing a view which extends over all the north of Switzerland and even parts of Alsace and Baden, in Germany.

But we have not yet reached the last station, that of Eismeer, another huge cave, 10,345 feet in altitude, with a restaurant, post office and other necessities for the modern traveller. This is the end of our journey for the present; the line will be carried later to the Jungfrau station, 13,428 feet high, and then the remaining 242 feet will be made by means of an elevator, bringing the traveller thus in comfort to the very summit of this beautiful and once inaccessible mountain.

From the Little Scheidegg, the road leads steeply down to Grindelwald, an exceedingly picturesque village, which has become known in recent years as the seat of religious conventions, and has become not only a summer

resort but a winter resort as well. The village is dominated by three gigantic mountains, the Eiger, the Mettenberg, and the Wetterhorn, and is a well-known starting-place for mountain-climbing. A large corps of guides is always on hand. The favourite trip for the ordinary tourist is that to the famous Grindelwald Glacier.

One of the characteristic features of all Alpine scenery, of course, is the glaciers, which flow slowly, imperceptibly, yet surely, and inexorably crushing all obstacles, down the slopes of all great mountains. Every traveller in Switzerland has seen and admired these great rivers of ice, broken into frozen billows and crevasses, bearing on their mighty backs the mass of stones and rocks torn from the body of the mountain; every one has seen the Rhone Glacier at the Furka, the Gorner Glacier at Zermatt, and the Mer de Glace at Chamonix. But the most convenient place to study these glaciers close at hand is at Grindelwald. For a short walk brings us to either the upper or lower glacier. Our first impression is one of disappointment, for the surface, with its moraines, consisting of piles of dirt and loose stones, is anything but beau-

tiful. Hence it will pay us to enter the artificial grotto cut deep into the interior of the glacier, where we can admire the beautiful blue color of the ice, seen here in all its virgin purity.

The village of Grindelwald itself will repay a long sojourn. It is situated in the valley of the same name, to the north of the Black Lütschine, somewhat high up, and directly opposite the Lower Grindelwald Glacier. While the valley is rich in meadow land, the climate is too poor for grain and fruit. The whole country round about is full of wild and romantic scenery, and while not so idyllic in its beauty as the valley of Chamonix, the mountain landscapes are more majestic and sublime. To the south and east it is surrounded by the gigantic, ice-covered rocky masses of the Wellhorn, Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Vieschhorn, the Berglistock, Mettenberg, Finsteraarhorn, and the two Eigers. To the north tower the Faulhorn, Rothhorn, Gemsenfluh, and Schwarzhorn. The Grosser Scheidegg shuts it in on the northeast, while to the west, the valley gradually descends on both sides of the Black Lütschine. Mule paths lead over the Grosse Scheidegg to Meiringen,

THE WETTERHORN AND THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER.

over the Kleine Scheidegg to the Wengern Alp, and Lauterbrunnen, and over the Faulhorn to the Giessbach, Brienz and the Bödeli. Over the Strahlbach and the Vorder Glacier and the Finsteraar Glacier, not only expert mountaineers, but also ladies under the escort of guides, may reach the Grimsel-hospice.

In the northeast of the village is the very old church, which was built by the Bishop of Lausanne between 1144 and 1158. Originally it was of wood, but has since been rebuilt in stone. In the church-tower hangs an old bell with the date 1044, once hung in the chapel of St. Petronella (now destroyed), close to the Lower Glacier, to which in olden times pilgrims from the Valais came over the glaciers. It would be a fascinating task to study in detail this typical mountain valley, with its handsome, sturdy men and women, its picturesque old houses, its quaint furniture, its legend and dialects, and poetry. We see samples of the latter in the house inscriptions, which here as elsewhere in Switzerland show the pious and freedom-loving Nature of the Swiss mountain peasant. Here are one or two taken from the magnificent volume en-

titled *Bärndütsch* by Emmanuel Friedli, devoted to Grindelwald alone:

"Dieses Kleine Schweizerhaus,
Das hier an der strasse steht,
Mir der liebe Gott beschütze,
Das es nicht zu grunde geht." [1]

and

"Stark und Schmuck das Schweizerhaus;
Das Beste: die Freiheit schaut heraus." [2]

These are in high German. As a sample of the Bernese dialect I add here a few stanzas of a poem entitled the *Gletscherführers Krankheit*, from Professor Sutermeister's *Schwizer-Dütsch:*

"I bin e rrucha Gletscherman,
Wäis nyd vo Forcht u Gruus;
Am wiesten, wilden Orten z'gahn,
Trybt mi e ghäima druus.

"I gah-n ech ufem schmälsten Grat,
Graduuf, wie uf Pargett,
I Schlaf-n ufem gfrorne Schnee,
Wie in em Fäderbett.

[1] May the dear God protect this little house that stands beside the road, so that it may not be destroyed.

[2] Strong and handsome is the Swisser's house; the best is: — Freedom dwells within.

"I gahn i Sturm u Wätternacht,
Geng unvrzagt vorwärts;
Wen under mier der Gletscher Chracht,
Erzittred nie mis Härz.

"Wen hert vor mier o d's Isch inbricht,
Vrlahd mi nie dr Miot;
I gsehn den Tod i ds Angisicht,
Mit riewwig-chaltem Bliot." [1]

From Grindelwald we can walk, if we will, over the Grosse Scheidegg (an interesting journey of some eight hours, with beautiful views of the Rosenlaui Glacier, the Wellhorn, Wetterhorn, and other mountains), and finally

[1] "I am a bold glacier-man,
I know naught of fear or dread;
A secret impulse drives me forth,
To wander over wild and desert places.

"I go over the narrowest ridge,
Erect as on a floor;
I sleep upon the frozen snow,
As in a feather bed.

"Through storm and tempest, black as night,
Undaunted on I go;
When far beneath the glacier cracks,
My heart ne'er shakes with fear.

"When just before me breaks the ice,
My courage fails me not;
I gaze Death in the very face,
With cool and quiet blood.

pass by the Reichenbach Falls to Meiringen, at the entrance to the Hasli Valley. Or we can end our journey to the mountains of the Bernese Oberland more comfortably by taking the train back to Interlaken whence we started.

CHAPTER VII

MOUNTAIN PASSES, RAILROADS AND TUNNELS

PERHAPS there is no more interesting phase of Switzerland, in a certain sense, than its passes. Away back in the grey mist of antiquity, these mighty masses, forming a huge wall or rampart between Italy and the north, must have indeed seemed impregnable. The few travellers visiting Gaul or the region of the Danube in the earliest times, probably used the only places where the vast barriers could be turned, the east and west extremities of the Alps. As years went on, however, men perceived that certain depressions in the mountains themselves afforded a more direct, though more difficult, access to the north. And so little by little, at intervals of hundreds, even a thousand years, the various Alpine passes known to modern times were opened up. At first they were mere foot-paths, then mule-tracks; later fine broad carriage roads were constructed, and last of all came the railroad tunnels beneath.

It touches the imagination to look back over the centuries and see the procession of daring travellers crossing these famous passes, the Roman soldiers and officers on their way to the north, and later, the merchant and colonist to Gaul and the Danube. After the introduction of Christianity we see the long line of pious pilgrims coming from France and Germany to the sacred shrines of Italy; the hordes of northern barbarians, pouring down on the sunny fields of Italy; the armies of Charlemagne to save the Pope against the Lombards; the students of the whole northern world on their way to the universities of Bologna and Padua; and finally the ever rising stream of modern tourists.

It is difficult to appreciate the fear and trembling which must have possessed the lonely traveller in the Dark and Middle Ages. The rocky caves hid bandits and robbers; there was always danger from Slav or Magyar or Turk; while still more heart-quaking were the strange monsters with which mediæval superstition peopled these wild retreats. There were especially the various kinds of dragons, dwelling in caves or glaciers, or flying through the air, "emitting sparks like an

HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

anvil." Men remembered the story of St. Bernard of Menthon; how he climbed the mountains and drove the dragons back and imprisoned them in a deep abyss. It is astonishing how late this belief in dragons and devils persisted. One obstacle that early mountaineers found in scaling the Matterhorn, was the fear on the part of the guides of the demons inhabiting the summit; and Mr. Mummery tells us how, in his ascent of the Furggen Ridge, his guides Burgener and Venetz were sure that they saw evil spirits.

We have no time here to do more than mention the principal passes of the Alps. Among the oldest was Mont-Genièvre, now forgotten, but once the principal path between France and Italy, probably crossed by Hannibal, and surely by Cæsar, 58 B. C.; there was also Mont-Cenis, over which the Frankish kings came to Lombardy, where Louis the Pious founded a Hospice (814–825), and which Henry IV crossed in January 1077, on his way to Canossa; there is the Little St. Bernard, crossed by Cæsar on his last journey to Gaul 49 B. C., and the Great St. Bernard, one of the oldest of all passes, and known especially on account of the famous

Hospice at the top, founded in 859, and refounded, by St. Bernard of Menthon, in the eleventh century. From the earliest times, down through the Middle Ages, till in our own day its importance has been destroyed by the railroad, the Pass of St. Bernard was traversed by a great crowd of pilgrims on their way to Rome, or by kings and emperors with their followers. Among these royal personages was Napoleon, who crossed the pass in 1800.

Omitting all mention of other passes, the Splügen, Septimer, Brenner, and leaving the discussion of the Simplon and St. Gotthard for the present, we devote this chapter to a brief visit to the chief passes of Switzerland.

No one can have a real conception of the charm and beauty of Switzerland who has not spent some time at least in walking over its passes. Thus only can we get an idea of the enormous difficulties of travel and commerce that once existed in the days before the railroad. In the following pages we are to give a brief outline of a trip which will take in some of the most famous of these mountain passes. Our objective point will be the valley of the Rhone and Zermatt, but we shall not by any means endeavour to take the short-

est or most comfortable route. If that had been our thought we should take the boat from Interlaken to Spiez, the railroad thence to Frutigen, then the diligence to Kandersteg, whence a rough bridle path leads over the Gemmi, one of the wildest and grandest of all Alpine passes. We should pause a moment at the summit of this mighty wall of rock, 1,660 feet high, to enjoy the view of the Alps of the Valais, Monte Rosa, Weisshorn, Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, and others, while just below us, we should see the steep bridle path cut out of the solid rock.

Matthew Arnold in his poem entitled *Obermann*, well describes the impression made by this extraordinary pass, when he tells how

"The awful alpine track
Crawls up its rocky stair;
The autumn storm winds drive the rack,
Close o'er it in the air.

"Behind are the abandoned baths,
Mute in the meadows lone;
The leaves are on the valley paths,
The mists are on the Rhone."

Down the narrow track, only five feet wide, we should make our way, till, reaching the

bottom, we should visit the Baths of Leuk, where those who are afflicted with skin diseases, remain several hours a day in the water, with trays floating before them, on which are books, newspapers and various kinds of beverages. An easy walk of ten miles would then lead us to the Rhone valley, not far, by rail, from Visp, where the train can be taken to Zermatt.

But on our present trip we are to reach the same destination by a far more circuitous route. Taking the steamer at Interlaken we sail over the blue waters of Lake Brienz to the town of the same name, where we take the train to Meiringen, the most important village of the Hasli Valley. It is now almost entirely new, for in 1891, while the dreaded Föhn was blowing, a fire broke out and in a short time nearly every building had become a victim to the flames. To the south rise the steep mountain walls, with the Reichenbach Falls, in which, as the reader of Conan Doyle will remember, Sherlock Holmes found his end, at least so it was supposed, until it pleased the author to revive him again. High on the opposite cliff, some two thousand feet high, and so steep that no carriage can

THE GEMMI PASS.

ascend, is situated the picturesque valley of Reuti. Some years ago I had the pleasure of spending two weeks in this primitive, high-upland Swiss village, and of seeing close at hand the life of the Swiss peasant in his own home. No more beautiful place exists than this broad meadow-land or terrace, with its velvety green pastures, its clear running murmuring streams, which gently approach the edge of the enormous cliff, and then tumble down in torrents and cascades. And in the morning and at night-time from the window of our chalet we could see, across the narrow valley, the gleaming of the white foam of the Reichenbach Falls, and above it, the Rosenlaui Glacier and the snow-crowned summits of the Matterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, and others, sparkling in the sunlight, or touched to silver by the soft light of the moon.

The occupation of the people of Reuti is chiefly that of raising cattle and making cheese. When we were there, most of the men were gone, having taken the cattle in the early spring to the mountain pastures, climbing higher and higher as the summer advanced, to return in the fall laden with the heavy

cheeses, the sale of which was to furnish them with necessities and comforts during the long Alpine winter. It is worth while spending some time among the peasants of Switzerland. Those who know the country only from the hotels, get little idea of it. By meeting day by day, these simple folk whose ancestors fought at Morgarten, Sempach, and Grandson, noting their genuine piety, their sturdy character and kindly hearts, you will go away with an added respect for the country and a new idea of the benefits of freedom.

The Swiss are essentially a religious people. It is no wonder then that the Salvation Army has made great strides among them. One Sunday morning half a dozen lads and lasses came toiling up the steep zigzag path that leads from Meiringen, and taking up a position at the cross-roads began to sing, pray, and exhort, while the people, attracted by the sounds, came across the fields in all directions.

One scene that occurred at Reuti is indelibly fixed in my memory. At the house where we were stopping was a minister from a small town in the Canton of Bern. One Sunday

morning he conducted services on the little plateau behind our chalet, beneath the spreading branches of a tree. There we sat on that beautiful day in early July, and sang the grand old German chorals, while far below us was the Hasli valley, with the Aar running through it like a silver thread, till it was lost in the blue waters of Lake Brienz; on the opposite side of the valley we could see the Reichenbach Falls and the Scheidegg Pass, while far above all rose the snow-covered summits of the Weisshorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Eiger. All about, the air was fragrant with the odour of grass and flowers, and musical with the song of birds and the murmur of running water. The sermon was simple, yet appropriate. Many a time as I think of that Sunday morning do the words of Pastor Lenz's text come back to me with new meaning: "Ich hebe meine Augen zu den Bergen wovon mir die Hilfe kommt" (I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help).

From Meiringen we start on our first trip on foot over an Alpine pass, that is, up the Hasli valley and over the Grimsel to the Rhone Glacier. It is a long and fatiguing journey,

yet fraught with the pleasure that comes from clear fresh air, constant change of fine scenery, good appetite, wholesome fatigue, and sound sleep. On the way we pass one of the finest of Swiss waterfalls, the Handeck, where the river Aar flings itself sheer down two hundred and forty feet, breaks into a mass of foam, on which the sun casts the everchanging colours of the rainbow. Here, again, in accordance with the plan of this book, instead of attempting any description of my own of this scene, I quote from one of the classics of Alpine description, Professor Tyndall:

"I paused at the waterfall of Handeck, and stood for a time upon the wooden bridge which spans the river at its top. The Aar comes gambolling down to the bridge from its parent glacier, takes one short jump upon a projecting ledge, boils up into foam, and then leaps into a chasm from the bottom of which its roar ascends through the gloom. A rivulet named the Aarlenbach joins the Aar from the left in the very jaws of the chasm; falling, at first, upon a projection at some depth below the edge, and, rebounding from this, it darts at the Aar, and both plunge together like a pair of fighting demons to the bottom of the gorge. The foam of the Aarlenbach is white, that of the Aar is yellow, and this enables the observer to trace the passage

of the one cataract through the other. As I stood upon the bridge, the sun shone brightly upon the spray and foam; my shadow was oblique to the river and hence a symmetrical rainbow could not be found in the spray, but one half of a lovely bow, with its base in the chasm, leaned over against the opposite rocks, the colors advancing and retracting as the spray shifts its position. I had been watching the water some time, when a little Swiss boy who stood beside me, observed in his trenchant German 'here plunge stones ever downward.' "

Stopping for dinner at the Grimsel Hospice, we soon after reach the Grimsel Pass, which marks the boundary between the Canton of Bern and the Valais. Near by is the little dark and gloomy lake called the "Totensee," the Lake of the Dead, so called because, in that epic struggle in 1799, between the Austrian and French army, which was fought out amid these wild surroundings, the dead were buried in its waters.

Before descending the Maienwang which leads down to the Rhone Glacier let us open once more Mr. Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps*, and read what he says of the scene before us.

"The view from the summit of the pass was lovely in the extreme; the sky a deep blue, the surrounding

summits all enameled with the newly fallen snow, which gleamed with dazzling whiteness in the sunlight. It was Sunday, and the scene was itself a Sabbath, with no sound to disturb its perfect rest. In a lake which we passed, the mountains were mirrored without distortion, for there was no motion of the air to ruffle its surface. From the summit of the Maienwang we looked down upon the Rhone Glacier, and a noble object it seemed. I hardly know of a finer of its kind in the Alps. Forcing itself through the narrow gorge which holds the ice cascade in its jaws, and where it is greatly riven and dislocated, it spreads out in the valley below, in such a manner as clearly to reveal to the mind's eye the nature of the forces to which it is subjected. Longfellow's figure is quite correct; the glacier resembles a vast gauntlet, of which the gorge represents the wrist; while the lower glacier, cleft by its fissures into finger-like ridges, is typified by the hand."

Down the steep slopes of the Maienwang we now hasten and reach the Rhone Glacier Hotel at the foot, and add our little share to the busy scene, the crowds of tourists coming from Brigue, or the Furka, or as we have just done, from the Grimsel. At the head of the valley is the Rhone Glacier, one of the finest and most imposing of all the glaciers in Switzerland, a great frozen waterfall of ice, breaking into a thousand fantastic shapes.

THE RHONE GLACIER.

Issuing from its foot pours forth the torrent which is the source of the Rhone, that river which, tumbling down the valley to Brigue, turns sharply to the right, then flows on, ever becoming broader and deeper till, widening out, it forms a lake thirty-five miles long, whence issuing swift as an arrow at the city of Geneva, it makes its way over the pleasant land of France, finally to pour itself into the Mediterranean Sea, not far from Marseilles.

From the Rhone Glacier the nearest route to Zermatt is straight down the valley, following the river to Brigue where we can take the train to Visp. But here again we prefer the harder toil of climbing the Furka, where, passing the Rhone Glacier, of the fantastic ice-masses of which we obtain admirable views, we reach the top of the Pass, whence a magnificent view is obtained of the Bernese Alps, then walk down the long zigzags of the Realp, to the peaceful valley below, with its pleasant villages of Hospenthal and Andermatt, and thence make our way to Göschenen, the starting-point of the roads over the Furka and the St. Gotthard Pass, and at the entrance to the famous tunnel.

Before reaching Göschenen we pass by one of the most interesting parts of Switzerland,

both on account of its grand rocky scenery, and its historical memories. This is the famous Devil's Bridge, where the Reuss falls into an abyss one hundred feet below, covering the bridge with its spray, which is driven hither and thither by the wind which sweeps down the gorge. The wild, romantic grandeur of this scene is well rendered by Longfellow in his *Hyperion*, where he describes how Paul Flemming "had come up the valley of the St. Gotthard Pass through Amsteg, where the Kirstelenbach comes dashing down the Maderaner Thal, from its snowy cradle overhead. The road is steep, and runs on zigzag terraces. The side of the mountains are barren cliffs, and from their cloud-capped summits, unheard amid the roar of the great torrent below, come streams of snow-white foam, leaping from rock to rock, like the mountain chamois. As you advance the scene grows wilder and more desolate. There is not a tree in sight, not a human habitation. Clouds, black as midnight, lower upon you from the ravine above and the mountain torrent beneath is but a sheet of foam, and sends up an incessant roar. A sudden turn in the road brings you in sight of a lofty bridge step-

ping from cliff to cliff with a single stride. A mighty cataract howls beneath it, like an evil spirit, and fills the air with mist; and the mountain wind claps its hand and shrieks through the narrow pass, ha! ha! This is the Devil's Bridge. It leads the traveller across the fearful chasm, and through a mountain gallery, into the broad green silent meadow of Andermatt."

As we stand looking at this valley of desolation, our imagination conjures up that strange fantastic scene in the year 1799, when this narrow valley, with its bridge, was the scene of a terrible struggle between the French on one side and the Russians and Austrians under General Suvoroff on the other.

The story of the march of General Suvoroff over these mountains and through these valleys is one unequalled in the annals of history. It was during the famous days of the French Revolution, when the French army under Napoleon had won its amazing victories, and when all Europe was combined against France. In the year 1799, Switzerland was the battle-ground between the French on one side and the Russians and the Austrians on the other. In May of that year Korsakow

occupied Zürich and the whole of the right bank of the lake. On the opposite side of the lake was the French General Massena, camped along a range of hills, the Albis, observing his motions. Suvoroff, with another Russian army consisting of twenty-five thousand men, was in Italy, and he was to cross the St. Gotthard, which at that time was only a steep and narrow mule-path, come up in the rear of Massena, and thus place himself between the two armies. Suvoroff found the French above Airolo, and gradually, step by step, drove them back into the narrow valley, shut in on all sides by snow-covered mountains and steep, rocky precipices. After a short rest at the Hospice, the Russians once more began the attack, rushing down the Swiss side of the Pass, driving the French before them over the Devil's Bridge, which was destroyed from the other side.

In the meantime, however, the face of affairs had changed. Instead of catching the French army in a trap, as he had planned, Suvoroff found himself in a very difficult position. Massena, learning of his approach, had attacked and defeated the other Russian army, and detached the divisions of Soult and

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Mortier to meet Suvoroff as he came up. The latter having crossed the Devil's Bridge, on logs, descended the valley of the Reuss, and finding all boats on Lake Lucerne removed by the French General Le Courbe, had to march toward Schwyz through the gloomy Schächental, which begins near Altdorf, and where Bürglen, the native village of William Tell is situated. Thence he marched over the Kinzig Pass, down the Kinzig Valley to the Valley of Muota, at the issue of the Kinzig, and in sight of Schwyz. Here they met the French under Soult and Mortier and a desperate encounter ensued. Many French and Russians fell into the Muota from the bridge, which was taken and retaken many times, their blood reddening the stream, which carried away their floating bodies. Suvoroff was defeated, and had to retreat, but such a retreat was never known before. He ascended the Muota Valley, his rear still fighting, passed Mt. Pragel, ascended to Glarus by the Kienthal, harassed all the way by the French. He was intercepted by Molitor at the outlet of the valley of Glarus and thus shut off from Zürich. Thus checked, he retreated again by way of Sernfthal and

reached Coire, in the Canton of Grisons, October 4, with the loss of one fourth of his army, after eleven days of the most difficult march ever taken by an army, without regular supply of provisions. The French traveller Simond (from whom, together with Karl Dändliker, author of the monumental *Geschichte der Schweiz*, the above facts are taken), well sums up the epic grandeur of this retreat in the following words: "No traveller had ever before passed the Kinzigthal to the Muotathal. The very shepherds take off their shoes and hold them in their hands, where armies marched and fought during that memorable campaign. The precipices were strewn with the bodies of fallen soldiers; not a mossy rock beside a running spring that had not been chosen by some one of them to lay his head down and die, and when, the following spring, the melting snow left the bodies uncovered, the birds of prey fed on them."

Perhaps some reader may think this long description irrelevant, but it is a story that always fires the imagination, and one can never think of the Devil's Bridge and the Valley of the Reuss, without seeing in im-

agination the swarms of Russians pouring down the slopes of the St. Gotthard, and hearing the clash of arms, and the shrieks of dying men, mingled with the roar of the torrent beneath, while all around the September sun gilds the rugged precipices and the snowy mountain tops.

In the earlier part of this chapter we have given a general discussion of the Swiss passes, especially those known in ancient times. The St. Gotthard is among the most recent of all passes, its name occurring for the first time in 1235, and being applied to the Hospice, which was called after the name of a Bishop of Hildesheim (died 1038, canonized 1132).

A mule path was opened about 1293. In 1707 it was widened enough to allow the passage of sleighs, and in 1775 an Englishman named Grenville rode over it for the first time in a carriage. A fine road was built in 1820-30, and in 1882 the railroad was built.

In many respects the St. Gotthard is conveniently situated, the valley of the Reuss on the north side leads from the plains of North Switzerland, while the similar valley of the Ticino leads directly to the Italian lakes and

the plain of Northern Italy. By means of the Oberalp Pass the valley of the Rhine is reached and by the Furka the valley of the Rhone; on the west the Susten Pass leads to the Bernese Oberland, and on the east, the Klausen Pass leads to Glarus. So, on the southern slope, the great Rhætian passes meet the St. Gotthard as this approaches the Italian Plains.

To-day, however, few people make use of the St. Gotthard except the tourist journeying on foot, in quest of exercise and health; for the famous St. Gotthard railroad makes the passage from Switzerland to Italy in a few minutes. This tunnel was looked upon in its time as one of the triumphs of railroad engineering. It was begun in 1872, finished in 1880, and cost over $10,000,000. It is nine and a quarter miles in length, and ascends from Göschenen to its highest point, 3,786 feet above the sea level, and then descends again to Airolo on the Italian side. It can be traversed by express train in less than a quarter of an hour. It is a strange sensation that comes over us as we leave Göschenen, and see a little dark hole in the side of the mountain before us, into which

THE ST. GOTTHARD ROAD.

we plunge; then after a short period of darkness, lighted by lanterns, we issue out on the other side. The change is indeed striking, we have passed from north to south, the air is warmer, the sky is blue, the Swiss chalets are replaced by the white stucco or stone houses of the Italians.

We might return to Switzerland by the same route, but it will be an instructive journey to return by the newer and longer tunnel of the Simplon, and at the same time we can have at least a glimpse of the exceedingly beautiful Italian lakes, which after all belong in part at least to Switzerland. We shall have time, however, only for a fleeting trip.

Instead then of leaving the train at Airolo, we go on to Locarno, beautifully situated on Lake Maggiore; a town which belongs to Switzerland, although in architecture, scenery and character of the people it is typically Italian.

Locarno is a pleasant place to stay in, with its southern vegetation, its oranges and flowers, its groves of chestnut trees and vines; its climate mild even in winter, sheltered as it is by the mountains toward the north. An interesting excursion is to the village of

Muralto, once a flourishing community, with a castle where lived the Swiss Landvogt, and still of interest as a work of the Lombards. The gradual decadence of this city was caused by a *Bergsturz*, or landslide, which, destroying the Ticino Bridge at Bellenz, transferred commerce to Magadino; and also by religious persecution, which caused a number of the best and most industrious families to emigrate about the middle of the sixteenth century. Sixty important families moved away and settled down in Zürich and Bern, among them the well-known Orelli and Muralto families.

Had we time we should enjoy a trip on the steamer over the beautiful Lake Maggiore, the largest of the group of Italian lakes, as its name indicates, visiting Pallanza, Laveno, Baveno, the Borromean Islands, and, the gem of them all, the Isola Bella.

But remaining on the boat, as far as Luino, we then descend, and take the steam tramway to Ponte Tresa on Lake Lugano; then by boat again to Lugano and Porlezza. Lugano, one of the largest towns of the Canton Ticino, lies in the midst of wonderful scenery, and has certainly one of the most beautiful situa-

tions in Europe, lying as it does at the foot of the slopes of Monte Brè covered with cherry- and almond-trees and vines, villas, and villages. All around are pleasant groves, meadows, cornfields, gardens and groups of almond-, mulberry-, olive- and orange-trees. The beautiful shores of the lake from which a picturesque view of the city and its environs is to be had, the near-by Mt. San Salvatore, and the opposite lying Caprino, all afford delightful excursions.

The Canton of Ticino, itself, is the southernmost of Switzerland, and is the only one which is completely Italian in nature and speech. It extends from beyond the Hospice on the St. Gotthard, to Chiasso, not far from Como, a length of one hundred and ten kilometres. It borders on the southeast on Lombardy, on the southwest on Piedmont and north on the Canton of Uri, and on the northwest touches the Valais.

The history of this Italian Canton takes us back to some of the most interesting events of European history. The Treaty of Peace of Freiburg was made November 27, 1516, after the victory of Francis I at Marignano, (in the war between Francis and the Sforzas for

the Duchy of Milan, claimed by both,) where the Swiss had fought on the side of the Sforzas. Francis desired, however, to make the Swiss his friends, and after their defeat at Marignano he offered them either six hundred thousand ducats, or the possession of Locarno, Vallemaggia, Lugano, and Mendrisio. They chose the latter offer, and from this time for three hundred years the thirteen original Cantons ruled these places, being represented by a Landvogt, elected for two years, from the various cantons in a certain fixed order. This lasted till the French Revolution and the Helvetian Republic put an end to the oppressive rule, and in 1803 the people recovered their freedom; in the same year it became one of the cantons of Switzerland.

Shortly after leaving Lugano, the boat passes by Oria, where for many years has lived the distinguished patriot, poet, and novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro, whose novel translated into English under the title of *The Saint*, has made him well-known to English and American readers. In one of his most beautiful poems, in which the names of many of the little hills and valleys we are now passing occur, he reproduces with singular felicity

the half melancholy impression made on a deeply religious man, as he listens at eventide to the bells as they call to one another from mountain and valley,

(All the bells speak)
"Come let us pray and weep,
From the heights and from the deep;
For the living, for them that sleep,
For so much sin unknown, and so much pain,
Have mercy Lord!
All suffering and pain,
That does not pray to thee;
All error that in vain
Does not give way to thee;
All love that must complain,
Yet yields no sway to thee,
Pardon, O Holy One!
(Echoes from the valley)
O Holy One."

From Porlezza we take the steam tramway again as far as Menaggio, on Lake Como. This lake, perhaps the most beautiful of all Italian lakes, is likewise fraught with many literary and historical reminiscences. Here is the scene of Manzoni's famous romance *The Betrothed*, and here in the town of Como, is the birthplace of the elder and the younger Pliny, and of the famous physicist,

Volta, whose name has become universalised as a unit in electrical measurements.

One of the loveliest spots in the world is Bellaggio, situated at the base of the promontory between the two arms of the lake, with its handsome villas and gardens and hotels in the midst of a landscape which unites almost every element of natural beauty, lofty mountains, clear, blue waters of the lake, trees and flowers, and grass, and over all the soft and tender blue of an Italian sky.

But again we must hurry on, this time back towards Switzerland by another route; from Como by rail to Laveno on Lake Maggiore, then by steamer to Stresa and then by railroad to Domodossola and the Simplon.

Among the great historic passes of the Alps, none in recent years has become so well-known as the Simplon. The name is first mentioned in 1235, and is applied to the Hospice on the pass (6592 feet). This hospice which belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, gradually disappears from sight in the fifteenth century and was finally sold in 1655 to the Stockalper family of Brigue, which entertained travellers. The fame of the Simplon, however, dates from

LAKE COMO.

the time when Napoleon saw its strategical importance, and caused the present carriage road to be built over it in 1801–05, and built a set of barracks on the summit which forms the present new hospice.

It is interesting to read the impressions made on distinguished men by the Simplon Pass, before and after the building of the new road. Thus Wordsworth speaks of "this gloomy pass," of

> "The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
> The stationary blast of waterfalls,
> And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
> Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
> The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
> Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,—
> Were all the workings of one mind, the features
> Of the same face, blossom upon one tree,
> Characters of the Great Apocalypse,
> The types and symbols of Eternity,
> Of first, and last, and midst, and without end."

Ruskin has a whole chapter on the Simplon in his *Præterita*, which he begins in his characteristic way,—"More and more deeply every hour, in retracing Alpine paths, by my fireside,

the wonder grows on me, what Heaven made the Alps for, and gave the chamois its foot, and the gentian its blue, yet gave no one the heart to love them. And in the Alps, why especially that mighty central pass was so divinely planned, yet no one to pass it except against their wills, till Napoleon came and made a road over it. Nor often, since, with any joy; though in truth there is no other piece of beauty and power, full of human interest of the most strangely varied kind, in all the mountain scenery of the globe, as that, with its two terminal cities, Geneva and Milan, its two tremendous valleys of vestibule, the Valais and Val d'Ossola; and its own, not desolate nor terrible, but wholly beautiful, upper region of rose and snow." And under the date of the fifteenth of June, 1844, he gives the following bit of description of an evening spent on the Simplon. "At eight this evening I was sitting on the highest col of the Simplon, watching the light die on the Breithorn; nothing round me but rock and lichen except one purple flower, and the forget-me-not, which grows everywhere. My walk home was very lonely, star after star was coming out above my head, the white hills gleaming among them; the gulph of

pines with the torrent, black and awful below; lights breaking softly through cottage windows."

It may seem rash to add a personal reminiscence of my own to the above words of the great lover and perfect describer of the Alps, and yet, as I write, one of the pleasantest memories of my life comes back to me.

A number of years ago I had been spending the summer in Italy and was returning home by way of Switzerland. I took the train to Domodossola, and thence the diligence over the Simplon Pass; for at that time the tunnel and railroad had not even been thought of. I shall never forget that ride, especially the long descent from the summit of the pass down the steep sides of the mountains. The sun had set, night had come on, the light had faded and the stars came out. Far beyond the steep valley rose the mountains with their covering of ice and snow, and away up on high, so high that it seemed as if they struck the very zenith, were the glaciers and snow fields shining like great masses of silver under the light of the moon, which seemed almost to rest upon them.

To-day the traveller need no longer cross the Simplon in this primitive way; another tunnel has been built, still longer and still more marvellous as a piece of engineering skill than that of the St. Gotthard. Whereas the latter is only nine and one-quarter miles in length, the Simplon is twelve and one-quarter miles. It is constructed with a double passage, each sixteen and one-half feet wide and separated by a distance of fifty-five feet between their axes. It is straight throughout, except a short curve at each end in order to join its tracks with the outside railroad lines. The most striking difference between this tunnel and the St. Gotthard is the grade, for it is only two per thousand on the Swiss side and seven per thousand on the Italian side, the altitude of the former being 2,250 feet, that of the latter being 2,076, while the summit is only 2,310 feet. An enormous saving of the cost might have been made by driving the tunnel at a much higher altitude, as was done in the case of the St. Gotthard. As it is, however, the Simplon can be used for express services, and can carry freight at far less expense than the St. Gotthard with its high grade. This tunnel brings Geneva and French

SIMPLON VILLAGE AND PASS.

Switzerland into closer communication with the Adriatic railroads of Italy, and also shortens the distance between Calais and Milan, eighty and ninety-five miles respectively over other routes.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE HEART OF THE ALPS

FROM Brigue, the first station on the Swiss side of the tunnel, we go directly to Visp, at the entrance of the Visp Valley. From Visp to Zermatt is only twenty-two miles. Yet when taken on foot, as was necessary when I first visited it, it is a long and weary day's journey. The second time I visited Zermatt, the road was partly built, but from Stalden on, it was incomplete. In order to save time, as soon as we left the train, although the night was not far off, we started out on foot, hoping to get as far as Niklaus that night. I shall never forget that night journey. We went forward in utter darkness, so thick that we could not see where to place our feet; the rocks on one side and the deep ravine on the other, were so shrouded in darkness that they could not be distinguished from each other, and we were continually in danger of making a false step. Far below us

we could hear the roar of the tumbling waters of the Visp. Above us the walls of the narrow valley rose almost perpendicularly, as it seemed in the darkness; in the narrow strip of sky above, the stars shone with unusual lustre, while far towards the top of the mountain on the other side of the valley, was a single light shining like "a good deed in a naughty world," from the hut or chalet of some upland shepherd.

The last visit I made to Zermatt was more comfortable, if not more enjoyable. It was made in the cars of the new railroad, crowded with tourists, noisy with idle chatter, which completely put to flight the deeper sentiments that come from the high mountains. Yet when we arrive at Zermatt and have engaged our rooms, and have passed out of the crowded streets with their hotels, shops, and idlers, and have gone even a few hundred yards away, we feel that here indeed is the very shrine of mountain worship.

Of all the famous mountain resorts in Switzerland, none has a more interesting history than Zermatt. Crowded and overcrowded as it is to-day, yet its popularity is of comparatively recent date, far more recent

than that of Chamonix, Interlaken and Lucerne. This is but natural, for it is situated deeper in the heart of the mountains, farther away from the ordinary road of travel. While Chamonix can be reached by way of the Col de Balme and the Tête Noire of the Rhone Valley, and likewise from Geneva by way of Cluses, Sallanche, etc., on the other side, Zermatt is at the end of the long and difficult Valley of the Visp on one side, and can be reached only from Val d'Aosta and Val Tournanche by the high glacier pass of the Théodule; hence it is no wonder that for so many centuries it seemed inaccessible, and remained practically unknown.

To-day the village of Zermatt is a little parish-community of about five hundred souls, scattered over the meadows in the deep valley opposite the Matterhorn, which rises from its ring of glaciers like an obelisk. The name Matterhorn itself comes from the German word for meadow, Matt, so also the name of the village Zer-matt (Prè-Borne) as it was once called ("in the meadows"). All around are many beautiful waterfalls. A high mountain pass over the glaciers leads to Tournanche Valley, in which on the frontier are to be

ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.

found the highest fortifications in Europe, perhaps in the world. Another path leads over the Mattergrat, and eastward below the Matterhorn to Breuil. Over the Zmutt and Ferpècle glacier one can reach the Val d'Hérens, over the Triftjoch, the Val d'Anniviers over the Findelen and Allalin glacier the Saasthal and over the Weisse Thor, the village of Macugnaga. Nearer-by excursions are these to the Riffelberg, from whose summit a magnificent view is had of the mighty Monte Rosa group; to the Schwarz-See, and to the Hörnli at the foot of the Matterhorn and to the Findelen Glacier.

There is a certain fascination in letting our imagination wander back over the obscure history of this valley. Far off in the beginning of things we see it in utter solitude, with no living beings, but the chamois on its rocks, and the crows soaring around the summit of the Matterhorn. Then the snow was deep on the mountain, and the glacier crept down further over the green meadows beneath. Legend tells us that when the Wandering Jew passed over the Théodule for the first time, he saw a large and flourishing city there, and prophesied that when he came a second

time forests and meadows would extend over the ruins of the ancient city; and when his third journey should lead him up yonder, the forests and meadows would no longer exist, but snow and ice would cover all things.

How soon the first sparsely-scattered inhabitants came this way, we cannot tell, perhaps a few stragglers from the vast body of Northern Barbarians as they swept over Switzerland and overflowed to the Italian slopes of the Alps. From the fact that Roman coins have been found on the Théodule Pass, it has been conjectured that Roman soldiers may have used this pass to come from the valley of Aosta to the valley of the Visp and thence to the Rhone. Later the pious folks of Aosta hurried over the pass to the sanctuaries in the Valais and Schwyz, to St. Théodule of Sion, himself, who gave his name to the pass. Yet all these were so few and far between that the valley was unknown except for a few vague references; and a story is told how in August, 1778, seven young men, led by Nicholas Vincent, set out from Gressoney for the unknown glacier world, and finally gained a point on the watershed, named by them Rock of Discovery, whence they looked

down on the last valley, which seemed to them covered with ice.

Zermatt itself is first mentioned in an authentic document in the year 1280, and was then apparently an old place. This document, as quoted by Mr. Whymper from Pfarrer Ruden's *Familien Statisk der Pfarrei von Zermatt,* is a deed, by which one Walter de Ried sold for twenty pounds his meadow at Findelen, with house, chalet, and all things appertaining thereto.

This was before the Everlasting Compact, 1291; Zermatt, indeed, did not formally form a part of the Swiss confederation till the joining of Canton Valais in 1815.

With the new life of the Renaissance the interest in history, geography, the beginnings of science of botany, geology, etc., more and more mention of Zermatt appears. The Théodule Pass is mentioned by Sebastian Münster, in his cosmographies (1543), by Stumff (1546), by Tschudi (died 1572), Semler (1574), Scheuchzer (1716), and Gruner (1760).

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, we begin to read about men who, led by curiosity, visited this lonely valley; Saussure, whose name is so indelibly connected with the early

history of Chamonix is likewise the pioneer of Zermatt. He had undertaken a systematic exploration of the Alps, had crossed the Simplon (from Genoa), made the tour of Monte Rosa by way of Macugnaga and other valleys, and reached Breuil, August 12, 1789, and two days later made the first recorded passage by a traveller of the Théodule Pass, and reached Zermatt on the evening of August 14. It was the account of Saussure's trip published in 1796, that first made Zermatt known to the outside world.

In 1792, the botanist Schleicher came from Breuil over the Théodule; and in 1800 the first Englishman came from Val Tournanche. In 1821, Sir John Herschel made the first recorded ascent of the Breithorn, by way of the Théodule, and a year later Hirzel-Escher of Zürich made the tour of Monte Rosa from Visp, by way of Macugnaga and the southern valleys to Zermatt.

Most, if not all, the above travellers were pure scientists, geologists, botanists or entomologists; the day of the tourists pure and simple had not yet come. The date of July 24, 1835, says Mr. Coolidge, is an important one for Zermatt, for it marks the first visit of Chris-

tian Moritz Engelhardt and wife of Strasburg. This venerable man, who during the next twenty years visited Zermatt ten times, loved the mountains passionately, and by his writings, books, sketches, maps and activity in general was the main cause of the rising popularity of the valley. It was only just, then, that the people should call him the "Father of Zermatt." From this time on, Zermatt as a *touristenpunkt* has grown more and more, until to-day, it stands, perhaps without a rival, overshadowing in a certain sense even Chamonix, as being the one place above all to be seen in Switzerland.

An interesting phase of its history is that of the development of its hotels, being an epitome of the larger subject of the rise of the whole Swiss system of hotel-keeping. In early days it was difficult for the few strangers to find lodging and food. Saussure in his first visit in 1789, mentioned above, tells us of his disagreeable experiences: "Nous eûmes une peine extrême à trouver une maison où l'on voulût nous loger; les cabaretiers étaient ou absents ou de mauvaise volonté. Le curé qui loge quelquefois les voyageurs nous fit répondre qu'il ne voulait rien nous vendre. En-

fin, notre brave guide Jean-Baptiste Erin, chez qui nous avions logé aux chalets de Breuil, força un cabaretier à nous recevoir."

The first inn expressly established for travellers was that of Dr. Lauber, which remained the only one till 1852. Two years later marks the beginning of the rush. In that year two new inns were established, two new editions of guide-books were published, and the English assault of the Monte Rosa was begun; it was first ascended by an Englishman in 1855. In 1854 Dr. Lauber sold his inn to Alexander Seiler, of Blitzingen, who improved it, retaining some traces of the original inn, and thus began his career as the most famous hotel-keeper in Switzerland, if not in Europe. Of all the hotel-keepers connected with the history of Zermatt, however, none is more enthusiastic, patriotic, poetic, nay even tinged with mystical fervor, than that poor man from the Val Tournanche who put up a humble hut in 1852 on the Théodule Pass, where he sold bread, cheese, coffee, and wine, an undertaking which it is said he was encouraged in by a gift of one thousand francs from an Englishman. Sir Alfred Wills, passing over the Théodule Pass on September 14, 1852, found

ST. THÉODULE PASS.

the man and his tent on the Pass. "On a spot slightly sheltered by some rocks, which jut up from the surface of the snow, was pitched a wretched tent, about ten or twelve feet long, and six or seven high, inhabited by an old man and his wife, who, during the summer months, dwelt at the crest of the Col, and in this frail and dreary abode braved the terrors of the tempest and the snow-storm. The man pointed out to us, with great pride, a rude structure, built of loose stones, which it was the labor of his days to rear, and which when finished was to contain four bedrooms. It was already half way up to the first floor. This chalet was to be dignified with the name of an hotel, and was to bear the appropriate title of the "Bouquetin." He asked for a subscription towards the building of his house on the glacier, and thought more of making known the glow of a sunrise on the St. Théodule than of mere pecuniary gain. "Messieurs," he said, "je travaille pour l'humanité." "This harmless and adventurous enthusiast," continues Mr. Wills, "has disappeared, and the cabin in the midst of the glacier remains as he left it, and will remain so, until the violence of the storm has prostrated its walls,

or some successor shall be found to inherit the old man's enthusiasm and love of nature."

The conquest of Monte Rosa in 1854 marks the opening of a new period for Zermatt, and in the next ten years all the other peaks round about were climbed. The same year also marks the last visit of Engelhardt, then eighty years old, and three years before his death.

We have already enumerated the chief excursions from Zermatt. Of all these, those to the Riffelberg and Gorner Grat are the most frequented, and, indeed, it is for these trips alone that most people come to Zermatt. At the time of my first and second visit to the Gorner Grat, those who wished to visit it had to climb it on foot, or on horseback. Now another of the inevitable Swiss mountain railroads carries us in a short time to the top. It is the highest railroad in Europe, next to the Jungfrau road.

It is an interesting trip; we pass over bridges and viaducts, through tunnels and forests, and finally come out upon the high upland pastures, which in spring and summer are one mass of the most beautiful wild flowers in the world. Some years ago as we left the train at the highest station, a Frenchman

with a kodak in his hand approached me, and asked if I would not take his picture for him. He had only ten minutes to spare between trains, and wished to carry home a sure piece of evidence that he had climbed the Gorner Grat. I consented; he struck an attitude with the Matterhorn as a background, and I snapped him with his own kodak. I did not ask him his name, but I have a shrewd suspicion that it was Tartarin de Tarascon.

The Gorner Grat, which is 10,290 feet in altitude (4,975 above Zermatt), is a rocky ridge rising from the plateau of the Riffelberg. We are completely surrounded with snow-peaks and glaciers; we can count some fifteen or twenty of the latter from the spot where we stand. There is the Monte Rosa to the left, the Twins, the Breithorn, the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Blümlisalp, and many others; while at our very feet flow the mighty rivers of ice that come down from the great valleys between the mountains themselves. Chief among these glaciers is the one named after the Gorner Grat, into which flow a dozen other tributary streams, the Grenz, Findelen, Breithorn, Unter and Ober Théodule, Furggen and other glaciers;

and dominating all is the mighty pyramid of the Matterhorn, rising sheer up into the clear atmosphere, with a banner of cloud forever waving from its summit.

The view from the summit of the Gorner Grat affords one of the most extensive, as well as beautiful, panoramas of natural scenery in the world. Instead of wearying the reader with descriptions of my own, I will here transcribe one of the well-known passages of Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps*, in which, with his usual scientific accuracy as well as literary skill, he points out the characteristic features of the scene.

"Looking towards the origin of the Gorner Glacier the view was bounded by a wide col, upon which stood two lovely rounded eminences enamelled with snow of perfect purity. They shone like burnished silver in the sunlight, as if their surfaces had been melted and recongealed to frosted mirrors from which the rays were flung. To the right of these were the bounding crags of Monte Rosa, and then the body of the mountain itself, with its crest of crag and coat of snows. To the right of Monte Rosa and almost rivalling it in height, was the vast mass of the Lyskamm, a rough and craggy mountain, to whose ledges cling

the snow which cannot grasp its steeper walls, sometimes leaning over them in impending precipices, which often break and send wild avalanches into the space below. Between the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa lies a large wide valley into which both mountains pour their snows, forming there the Western Glacier of Monte Rosa, a noble ice-stream, which from its magnitude and permanence deserves to impose its name upon the trunk glacier. From the rounded shoulders of the Twin Castor, a glacier descends, at first white and shining, then suddenly broken into faults, fissures and precipices, which are afterward repaired, and the glacier joins that of Monte Rosa before the junction of the latter with the trunk stream. Next came a boss of rock, with a secondary glacier clinging to it as if plastered over it, and after it the Schwarze Glacier bounded on one side by the Breithorn, and on the other by the Twin Pollux. Over its upper portion rise the Twin eminences, pure and white; then follows a smooth and undulating space, after passing which the névé is torn up into a collection of peaks and chasms; these, however, are mended further down and the glacier moves smoothly and calmly to meet its brother in the main valley. Next comes the Trifti Glacier, embraced on all sides by the rocky arms of the Breithorn; its mass is not very great, but it descends in a graceful sweep and exhibits towards its ex-

tremity a succession of beautiful bands. Afterwards we have the glacier of the Petit Mont Cervin and those of St. Théodule, which latter are the last that empty their frozen cargoes into the valley of the Gorner. All the glaciers here mentioned are welded together to a common trunk which squeezes itself through the narrow defile at the base of the Riffelhorn. Soon afterwards the moraines become confused, the glacier drops steeply to its termination, and ploughs up the meadows in front of it with its irresistible share.

"In a line with the Riffelhorn, and rising over the latter so high as to make it almost vanish by comparison, was the Titan obelisk of the Matterhorn, from the base of which the Furgge Glacier struggles downwards. On the other side are the Zmutt Glacier, the Schönbuhl, and the Hochwang, from the Dent Blanche; the Gabelhorn and the Trifti glaciers, from the summits which bear those names. Then come the glaciers of the Weisshorn. Describing a curve still farther to the right we alight on the peaks of the Mischabel, dark and craggy precipices from this side, though from the Aeggischhorn they appear as caves of snow. Sweeping by the Alphubel, the Allalinhorn, the Rympfischhorn, and Strahlhorn, all of them majestic, we reach the pass of the Weissthor and the Cima di Jazzi. This completes the glorious circuit within the observer's view."

But after all it is the Matterhorn itself which dominates the whole landscape. Whether we are in the village of Zermatt or making the various excursions in the neighbourhood, wherever we go, the mighty pyramid of the Matterhorn meets our view. It is conceivable that Chamonix without Mt. Blanc would still be visited by countless tourists; the same thing would probably not be true of Zermatt, without the Matterhorn.

This great peak has been described many times, but never with more enthusiasm, and with greater artistic insight than by Ruskin in his chapter of the *Stones of Venice*, entitled "The Wall Veil." "It has been falsely represented as a peak or tower. It is a vast ridged promontory, connected at its western root with the Dent d'Erin, lifting itself like a rearing horse with its face to the east. All the way along the flank of it, for half a day's journey to the Zmutt Glacier, the grim black terraces of its foundations range almost without a break; and the clouds, when their day's work is done, and they are weary, lay themselves down on those foundation steps, and rest till dawn, each with his leagues of grey mantle stretched along the grisly ledge, and the cornice of the mighty

wall gleaming in the moonlight, three thousand feet above.

"The eastern face of the promontory is hewn down, as if by the single sweep of a sword, from the crest of it to the base; hewn concave and smooth like the hollow of a wave, on each flank of it there is set a buttress, both of about equal height, their heads sloped out from the main wall about seven hundred feet below its summit. That on the north is the most important; it is as sharp as the frontal angle of a bastion, and sloped sheer away to the north-east, throwing out spur beyond spur, until it terminates in a long low curve of russet precipice, at whose foot a great bay of the glacier of the Col de Cervin lies as level as a lake. This spur is one of the few points from which the mass of the Mt. Cervin is in anywise approachable. It is a continuation of the masonry of the mountain itself, and affords us the means of examining the character of its materials." As we see from this passage the Matterhorn has inspired Ruskin to some of his highest flights of eloquence. Perhaps nothing that he ever wrote is more deeply impressed with the magic quality of his style than his description of the Zmutt

Glacier, a name which he dislikes. "I mean myself, henceforth to call it the Red Glacier, because for two or three miles above its lower extremity, the whole surface of it is covered with blocks of reddish gneiss, or other slaty crystalline rocks, some fallen from the Cervin, some from the Weisshorn, some brought from the Stockhi and Dent d'Erin, but little rolled or ground down in the transit, and covering the ice, often four or five feet deep, with a species of macadamisation on a large scale, anything but convenient to a traveller in haste. Higher up, the ice opens into broad white fields and furrows, hard and dry, scarcely fissured at all, except just under the Cervin, and forming a silent and solemn causeway, paved, as it seems, with white marble from side to side; broad enough for the march of an army in line of battle, but quiet as a street of tombs in a buried city, and bordered on each hand by ghostly cliffs of that faint granite purple which seems, in its far-away height, as unsubstantial as the dark blue that bounds it; the whole scene so changeless and soundless; so removed, not merely from the presence of men, but even from their thoughts; so destitute of all life of tree or herb, and so immeasur-

able in its lonely brightness of majestic death, that it looks like a world from which not only the human but the spiritual presences had perished, and the last of its archangels, building the great mountains for their monuments, had laid themselves down in the sunlight to an eternal rest, each in his white shroud." [1]

For a long time the Matterhorn was considered inaccessible, and the guides who willingly had endangered their lives in other ascents refused to tempt providence by attacking this hopeless task. Yet toward the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, men began gradually to be convinced that the task was not hopeless, and efforts were made from time to time to ascend the mountain. Among these men the best known were the Italian Giordano, Professor John Tyndall, and Edward Whymper. Worthy of a place beside them were the two guides Carrel and Michel Croz. The rivalry was especially keen between Tyndall and Whymper, and now one and now the other would reach a higher point. On August 20, 1860, Tyndall reached a height of about 12,000 feet; on July 19, 1862, Whymper climbed a few hundred

[1] *Modern Painters*, Vol. IV, p. 232.

feet higher, and a week after increased even this gain; while on July 29, of the same year, Tyndall made the record of 13,980 feet. So matters were till the year 1865, when Mr. Whymper resolved to make one final effort to conquer the mountain. Hitherto the ascents had all been made from the Valtournanche with Breuil as a starting-point; for the eastern face seemed so steep and smooth as to be absolutely impossible to climb. Mr. Whymper, however, made certain observations on the dip of the strata and on the inclination of the east face, whose steepness he found to be due to the fact that it was usually seen straight in front, while in reality it had an inclination of less than forty degrees and in many places offered easy climbing, being in fact a sort of a natural staircase.

All these things made him eager to make the attempt from this side. In July, 1865, he came to Breuil to meet Jean Antoine Carrel, with whom he supposed he had an engagement, but who, to Whymper's chagrin and mortification, declared that his word was pledged to the Italian rival of both Whymper and Tyndall, Signor Giordano.

He decided to go to Zermatt to see what

arrangements he could make there for a guide, for he was determined to make the effort to climb the mountain by the east face. By good, or rather bad, luck, a young Englishman, Lord Francis Douglas, appeared, from whom Whymper learned that old Peter Taugwalder had lately been beyond the Hörnli and had reported that he thought an ascent of the Matterhorn was possible upon that side. Whymper then descended to Zermatt, engaged old Peter, and to his great wonder came upon his old guide, Michel Croz, sitting in front of the Monte Rosa Hotel. From him he learned that he was in the employ of an English clergyman, Rev. Charles Hudson, who had come to Zermatt for the same purpose as himself, *i. e.*, to ascend the Matterhorn. He had with him a young man, only nineteen years old, a Mr. Hadow, who had this year for the first time learned the art of mountain-climbing, but who in spite of his inexperience had shown remarkable aptitude for such work. As it was considered inadvisable for two independent parties to attempt the ascent of the mountain at the same time, a consultation was held, with the result that the two parties united, and agreed to make the attempt

together. Thus was formed the little company of heroes, the Conquerors, as Guido Rey calls them, who were to make the first ascent of the hitherto virgin mountain. The party, thus completed, consisted of Mr. Whymper, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, Michel Croz, and old Peter Taugwalder and his son. "So Croz and I became comrades once more," says Mr. Whymper, "and as I threw myself on my bed and tried to go to sleep, I wondered at the strange series of chances which had first separated us and then brought us together again. I thought of the mistake through which he had accepted the engagement to Mr. B.; of his unwillingness to adopt my route; of his recommendation to transfer our energies to the chain of Mt. Blanc; of the desertion of Carrel; of the arrival of Lord Francis Douglas; and lastly of our accidental meeting at Zermatt. As I pondered over these things I could not help asking, 'What next?' If any one of the links of this fatal chain of circumstances had been omitted, what a different story I should have to tell."

The next morning they started from Zermatt, and before twelve o'clock they had found a good position for the tent at a height

of 11,000 feet. "We passed the remaining hours of daylight, some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and when the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil."

We have no time to give in detail the story of the conquest of the Matterhorn, how, after a painful but by no means extraordinarily difficult climb the whole party reached the summit, saw far below them the rival party of Signor Giordano and Carrel; how they enjoyed the unequalled view not only of the Swiss mountains but even those of the Maritime Alps, a hundred and thirty miles away, while 10,000 feet beneath them were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. "There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire. We remained on the summit for one hour —

'One crowded hour of glorious life.'

It passed away too quickly and we began to prepare for the descent."

What happened next belongs to one of the most famous scenes in all the annals of mountain-climbing, for it has something in it that seems to touch the heart with a feeling of deepest pathos and pity; and on account of the profound tragedy of it all, it has enveloped the Matterhorn with solemnity even in the minds of those who love it most.

Just as they were about to tie themselves together with the rope, it was remembered that their names had not been left in a bottle on the summit, and Whymper returned to the summit for this purpose. When he rejoined them and tied himself to the younger Taugwalder, they were just beginning the descent of the difficult part. "Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time; when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the other, detached from them, and should have

continued to do so, had not Lord F. Douglas asked me about 3:00 p. m. to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred. A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa to Seiler, the proprietor, saying he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn onto the Matterhorngletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, however, and this was what he saw. Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning to go down a step or two himself. At this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against Croz and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward; in another moment Hudson

was dragged from his steps and Lord Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorngletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them."

Mr. Whymper's description of what followed is full of dramatic interest; how all three of those who had been saved were paralysed with terror; how they saw a strange phenomenon of two crosses formed by the rising mists, which the superstitious minds of the Taugwalders connected with the accident; how they finally arrived at the hotel,

where Seiler met Whymper at the door, and how this Napoleon of Swiss hotel-keepers burst into tears.

This is the tragedy of the Matterhorn, and this is how the virgin mountain avenged herself upon the rash individuals who dared to accomplish what had long been declared to be impossible. But although it saddened all minds, this accident only seemed to increase the attraction exerted by the mountain.

Others came and made the same ascent, Tyndall (in 1868), Carrel and Giordano and others. In 1871, a lady, a Miss Walker, climbed it; Lord Wentworth passed the night on the summit, spending in all eighteen hours there; some made the ascent on their honeymoon; one day in 1892 the top was seen to be crowded by at least twenty-three people, with their numerous guides; and in 1902, the guides of Valtournanche carried a cross to the summit, where a priest, fitly enough the Abbé Carrel, the grand-nephew of the famous guide, said mass. Many other accidents have occurred. Up to 1900 there were six victims, besides those of the first disaster, on the Zermatt slope, and two on the Breuil slope.

Of all the lovers of the Matterhorn, none

is so deeply inspired with enthusiasm as Guido Rey, from whose beautiful book a number of the above details have been taken. He was a boy ten years old when he read Mr. Whymper's *Scrambles Among the Alps*, and inspired by that classic book of travel he devoted his life to the service and worship of the mountain. He studied its history, he climbed it himself many times, and has made it still more famous and more beloved by his book, in which he pours forth his admiration and his love.

Some of his experiences are worthy a place beside those described by Whymper himself. Take, for instance, that descent of the great mountain in the night-time, in the midst of darkness and cold so intense that the hands and fingers lost all feeling.

"I slid down, I crept along at one time on my back, at another with my face to the rocks; I hugged the mountain in the attempt to adapt my body to its slope; one moment I would go lightly in order not to put too much weight on a doubtful hold, the next I would let myself go with my whole weight, having out of the corner of my eye seen a place on which to put my feet. At times, at the bottom of a difficult bit, where the rope came to an end, my legs were too short to reach any hold and kicked about in space and explored the rock;

my bended knees did the work of my feet, my elbows planted in the hold instead of my hands, until I found some Heaven-sent support, and then, arching my back and supporting myself with the back of my neck, at last reached a place where I could stand in safety."

Then he tells how the darkness gradually increased, and the mountain's outlines became indistinct; how at times a wreath of mist enveloped them as in a grey veil. At the Enjambée the darkness was complete; of the wonderful precipice below they saw nothing at all. And so they descended, step by step, growing ever more doubtful of a happy issue, hastening where they could, spurred on by their anxiety.

"That headlong climb created for me a Matterhorn as yet unknown to me, — a Matterhorn invisible, but tangible in its shape in the smallest inequalities of its surface and hands and feet groped for these and recognized them by the same touch, and found the holds as if all my visual faculties were collected, by a phenomenal transfer of the senses, in my extremities."

They entered the Vallon des Glaçons. That desolate couloir, which is dark even in the daytime, was as black as a tomb. They groped their way across the Mauvais Pass,

Heaven alone knows how; but as Rey brought his head against it with a fearful blow, they decided to light the lanterns, one at either end of the party. Time was required for this, because a breeze was blowing and the matches were damp, but at last the candle burned with a tiny yellow flame.

"The scene changed; I once more saw by my side Daniel whom I had not seen for more than an hour. Lighted up as he was from head to foot, his head wrapped in a handkerchief tied under his chin, he seemed to me a strange apparition, a man I did not know. Our range of vision was limited to a very few yards around us; I could see that only a few steps from me the rocks fell away into a dark abyss.

"But my strange guide was already on the move, rapidly descending into the chasm with his lantern swinging to and fro, as he held it in his hand. I followed close behind him, seeking the benefit of the light, like a moth. From behind I felt a violent jerk at the rope and heard an oath; I turned round and out of the tail of my eye saw the other lantern waving fantastically among the dark crags, together with other strange human forms. If the shepherds of Breuil had seen these tiny lights wandering along the arête they would have thought them to be restless spirits in torment; but at that hour the shepherds were peacefully sleeping on their couches of hay."

And so they made their way down and down, without rest. In the shelter of the couloir, they had not felt the cold, but when they had turned the rocks of the Tower, and regained the arête they were suddenly chilled through and through; "the very recesses of my pockets were frozen."

"But Daniel flees onward like a spectre and I after him. I heard the sound of the lantern, striking against his axe, or against the rocks; the lantern shot downwards, then rose again, spread light and shade about it, and its leaps to and fro suggested to me what gymnastic feats Daniel was performing. The spectre and the light disappeared suddenly, to become visible again further on; the man's dark, lean profile stood out in an aureole of light. I felt the rope pulling me from below, and I plunged downwards. It was a real race down the precipice. But the desperate descent was ended; the wandering light had stopped. I came up to it and my hand touched a dark wall; it was a wooden one. Oh! how pleasant was the touch of smooth wood after so much rough rock! a little door opened to our push; I found myself in the hut. We had descended the Matterhorn in less than three hours."

But now we must tear ourselves away from Zermatt and the Matterhorn, perhaps the most fascinating of all Alpine centres. We must descend to the Rhone Valley, and visit

the other points of interest which remain for us. I cannot close this chapter, however, without quoting once more from Guido Rey's book, this time a passage in which he describes with a poet's feeling the strange, uplifting charm of the high mountains, mingled with the no less profound charm of the nobler and more beautiful phases of humanity.

They had come back from one of their long and arduous trips, the Herren had gone to the drawing-room of the hotel, the guides to their dark low room on the ground floor. Two young ladies had asked to be allowed to visit the guides, in their quarters. And there in the dim obscurity, full of smoke, lighted only by a small lamp, sat the rude, impassive guides with their slouch hats pulled down over their rugged faces. And then they began to sing the songs of Savoy and the Valais,

"Montagnes de cette vallée
Vous êtes mes amours;
Cabanes fortunées
Où j'ai reçu le jour."

(Ye mountains of this valley,
You are my love;
Happy cabins,
Where first I saw the light of day.)

"and the chorus swelled and rose to the low, vaulted ceiling and filled the narrow room with deafening waves of sound; the whole was a medley of strange discords, high trills and deep bass notes which issued from the men's powerful chests like the music of church organs. They sang with the delighted fervor of great boys:

> "'Rien n'est si beau que ma patrie;
> Rien n'est si doux que mon amie.'
>
> (Nothing so fair as my native land,
> Nothing so sweet as the girl I love.)

"We laughed and jested because we felt safe, but the name of the Matterhorn kept returning to our thoughts and our lips, for outside the house beyond the narrow walls of the room, amid the darkness of the night, towered the huge, dark pyramid. We could not see it, but we were all aware of its presence because its influence pervaded our hearts, and we felt as if we were still ascending the sharp ridge. . . . The Matterhorn was invisible, yet ever present as God Himself.

"I remember that one of the songs pleased us so much that we repeated it three or four times, and the last time, when we came to the final refrain, we heard two pure, silvery voices rising through the smoke and joining the deep tones of the guides. They belonged to the two girls, who, carried away by the mountain

melody, had joined us in our song. I glanced at the guides; they had not even turned their heads towards the quarter whence those sweet notes came; they continued singing the refrain to the end, but instinctively lowered their voices; but when the verse was ended, they all rose to their feet, and greeted the singers with a burst of applause which resounded through the room that their presence had brightened.

"Music and the Matterhorn had filled our minds with peace. We went out into the open air by the small door which leads on to the level space in front of the hotel. In the perfect calm of the Alpine night the summit of the great mountain stood out in relief against the clear sky, and it seemed to me as if at that hour the light of the stars fell with a softer radiance upon the dark and rugged Matterhorn."

CHAPTER IX

CHAMONIX AND ITS ENVIRONS

ONE of the most popular Swiss resorts to-day, and one which has been longest known is Chamonix, (Campus Munitus,) a village situated on the right bank of the Arve. The community owes its origin to the ancient Priory of Benedictines, founded in 1090 by a Genevese count. It was long known under the name of Prieuré. The valley of Chamonix is about one thousand metres above the sea, extends from southeast to southwest along the Arve, between the Col de Balme on the northeast, the chain of Brévent and Aiguilles Rouges to the north, the mountains of Lachat and Vandagne to the southeast and the chain of Mont Blanc to the south. The dwellings of the inhabitants are scattered widely and form a large number of villages or hamlets, and constituting the three parishes of Chamonix (or Prieuré), Argentière and Les Houches.

CHAMONIX, WITH MT. BLANC.

Of all the places frequented by tourists, none is more famous than Chamonix, not only in Switzerland, but also in all Europe. This is not due alone to the presence of Mont Blanc and the glaciers, but rather to the combination of certain circumstances, and especially to the fact that it offers equal attractions to the tourist, geologist and savant. Few places offer such a variety of picturesque scenes, the striking contrast of fresh verdure close to the glaciers, the everlasting snow on the mountains tops, the glaciers descending to the very heart of the valley, where the meadows and fields of grain glow in the sun.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century Chamonix was comparatively unknown; it had no tourists, and those who were forced to enter the valley did so with fear and trembling, for the inhabitants were regarded as bandits and robbers. The mountains themselves, which are now the object of the pious pilgrimage for tens of thousands of visitors, were then known as *les montagnes maudites.*

Though the first mention of Mont Blanc occurs only in 1742, it is said that the valley has a history extending back to the time of Vespasian, according to a stone, with an in-

scription on it, which has been found on the Col de la Forclaz. For nearly one thousand years after this, however, no mention is found of the valley, till the year 1091, when Count Aymon of Geneva founded his Benedictine Abbey. Those who are interested in the "short and simple annals of the poor" will find interesting reading about the mediæval history of this obscure community given by Perrin (*Histoire de la Vallée et du Prieuré de Chamonix du 10ième au 15ième siècle*), Durer (*Mont Blanc*), and Whymper (*Chamonix and Mont Blanc*).

For our purpose here it is only appropriate to begin with the accounts of the first strangers who visited, and in a sort of way discovered, Chamonix. These were two Englishmen, one a young man named William Wyndham, who had spent some time in Geneva to finish his education, and a Dr. Pococke, who had come to Geneva in 1740. "After extensive travels in the east," says Mr. Wyndham, "I had long had a great desire to make this excursion (to Chamonix), but the difficulty of getting company made me defer it. I mentioned to Dr. Pococke this curiosity and my desire to see it, and he, who was far from

fearing hardships, expressing a like inclination, we immediately agreed to go there. As we were assured on all hands that we should scarcely find any of the necessaries of life in those parts, we took with us sumpter horses, loaded with provisions and a tent, which was of some use to us, though the terrible description people had given us of the country was much exaggerated."

It is exceedingly interesting to read the account of the adventures of these pioneer tourists, as well as their reflections in the presence of the sublime scenery, now known to all the world, but then practically unknown, till they came, who were the "first to burst into that silent sea."

They set out June 19, 1741, a party of eight, with five servants, "all of us well arm'd." The first day they went as far as Bonneville, the next to Servoz and the third they reached Chamonix. Their greatest curiosity was to visit the glacier close at hand, but they were dissuaded by the peasants, who said the thing was very difficult, and nobody ever went there but those whose business it was to search for crystals and shoot bouquetins and chamois. In spite of all discouragements, how-

ever, they set out for what is now known as the Mer de Glace and, "after climbing with great labor for four hours and three quarters, we got to the top of the mountain, from whence we had the pleasure of beholding objects of an extraordinary nature. We were on the top of a mountain which, as well as I could judge, was at least twice as high as Mont Salève, from whence we had a full view of the glaciers. I own to you that I am extremely at a loss how to give a right idea of it; as I know no one thing which I have ever seen that has the least resemblance to it. The description which travellers give of the seas of Greenland seems to come nearest to it. You must imagine your lake put in agitation by a strong wind, and frozen all at once; perhaps even that would not produce the same appearance." Not content with this general view they descended to the surface of the glacier, just as all tourists do to-day. They heard noises like claps of thunder, and were told by their guides that it was caused by the opening of fresh crevasses, and "as in all countries of ignorance, people are extremely superstitious they told us many strange stories of witches, etc., who came to play their pranks upon the glaciers

CROSSING THE MER DE GLACE.

and dance to the sound of instruments." It is interesting, in view of the extreme ease with which the trip to the Mer de Glace is made to-day, to read of the effect produced by this first journey upon the natives of the village, when the adventurous tourists returned about sunset, "to the great astonishment of all the people of the place, and even of our guides, who owned to us they thought we should not have gone through with our undertaking."

Nearly forty years later came Goethe, one of the first men of letters who have since come in such numbers to Chamonix and have celebrated its beauty. In his *Briefe aus der Schweiz*, under the date of November 3 and the following days, he tells how he set out for Geneva, passed by way of Cluses and Sallanches to Chamonix; tells the impression made upon him by "Mont Blanc and the mountains which slope away from it, the masses of ice that fill the vast ravines" and how, "Mit Speise und Wein gerüstet," he climbed the Montanvert "wo uns der Anblick des Eismeeres überraschen sollte."

But the name above all others closely connected with Chamonix is that of Horace Benedict de Saussure, born in Geneva, Febru-

ary 17, 1740, died January 22, 1799. At the early age of twenty-two he became professor at the University of Geneva. In those days, when one man covered all fields of natural history, Saussure was equally interested in physics, botany, and geology, and spent all his spare time in making trips through Switzerland for the purpose of observation and collecting specimens. Being especially fond of mineralogy, he always travelled with a hammer in his hand. He crossed the Alps fourteen times, and attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc ten times, though, as we shall see later, he succeeded in reaching the summit only on July 21, 1788. He rendered great service to science, not only by his observation, but by perfecting and inventing scientific instruments. To Saussure Chamonix owes more than to any other man. By his ascent of Mont Blanc, by his numerous visits to the valley, and especially by his publications he attracted the attention of Europe to the charm and interest of this famous Swiss resort.

It is only just that the community has erected a monument to this famous man, where he is represented as standing on a rock, with his gaze turned toward the summit

of the white mountain, towards which Jacques Balmat, the guide who first made the ascent with him, is pointing at his side; below is the inscription:

"A. H. B. de Saussure, Chamonix reconnaissant."

With the opening of the nineteenth century, visitors began to come in larger and larger numbers. Especially interesting is it to trace the influence of the place, especially Mont Blanc, on literature. It was the time of the Romanticists, one of whose tenets was the worship of nature; and the deep love for the mountains, which had been started by Rousseau, now reached its climax.

Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Ruskin and a long list of lesser luminaries have found the peace and joy of elevated thought in this valley.

Shelley's atheism found no shock in these evidences of God's power, and he foolishly wrote in the traveller's register at Montanvert the following words in Greek: "I am a philanthropist, a democrat and an atheist." A later comer added to these the word "fool"; and Byron visiting Montanvert afterwards erased

both Shelley's "atheist" and his successor's "fool."

And yet Shelley has reproduced in his own ethereal way the mysterious power of the snow-capped Mont Blanc in the following lines:

"Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep, — that death is slumber
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber,
Of those who wake and live. I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes along the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene,
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice, and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen flood, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind along the accumulated steeps.
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there — how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare and high
Ghastly, scarred, and riven. Is this the scene
Where the old earthquake-demon taught her young

Ruin? Were these their toys? Or did a sea
Of fire envelope once this silent snow?
None can reply — all seems eternal now
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

"Mont Blanc yet gleams on high; the power is there
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them; winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which govern thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!"

In similar uplifting language Wordsworth tells how he first from a bare ridge beheld the summit of Mont Blanc unveiled, and then,

"The wondrous vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast."

And he again speaks of Chamonix

"that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields;
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;
A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand;
'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned
They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That hold no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow
When daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Neither the stars above, and all is black below."

But no poet has more fittingly expressed the solemn and religious feelings that are aroused by this scene than Coleridge in his famous *Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouny*, —

"Thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon! Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrent like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soullike sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God!
Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost.
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm.
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of cloud, that veil thy breast,
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes, suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me, rise oh, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven
Great hierarchy! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

There is one curious thing about Chamonix, situated as it is in the heart of the mountains, and that is its popularity with all sorts and conditions of men. In the fashionable hotels the rich and gay of all nations appear at dinner in evening dress, the streets are filled with men and women, from the Boulevards of all the world metropolises; and in recent years a casino affords those who wish them, the diversions of the opera and drama. The humble bourgeois, the university student, the school teachers of America, all crowd each other in the narrow street of the village, or pass each

other on the roads leading to the Flégère, the Mer de Glace and the Glacier des Bossons.

But two classes of men have especially given prominence to the valley — literary men and scientists. Of the former, we have seen examples in the poetry quoted above from Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge. To this number, in recent times, we must add the great prose-writers such as Ruskin, Sir Leslie Stephen and John Tyndall. In the latter we have an example of the union of both literature and science. He tells us how he had read with delight Coleridge's poem quoted above, *Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny*, and how in order to witness in all perfection the scene described by the poet, he waited at Chamonix a day longer than was otherwise necessary. "On the morning of Wednesday, the fifteenth of July, I rose before the sun; Mont Blanc and his wondrous staff of aiguilles were without a cloud; eastward the sky was of a pale orange which gradually shaded off to a kind of rosy violet, and this again blended by imperceptible degrees with the deep zenithal blue. The morning star was still shining to the right, and the morn also turned a pale face toward the rising day. The valley was

full of music; from the adjacent woods issued a gush of song, while the sound of the Arve formed a suitable bass to the shriller melody of the birds. The mountain rose for a time cold and grand, with no apparent stain upon his snows. Suddenly the sunbeams struck his crown and converted it into a boss of gold. For some time it remained the only gilded summit in view, holding communion with the dawn while all the others waited in silence. These, in the order of their heights, came afterwards, relaxing, as the sunbeams struck each in succession, into a blush and a smile."

And yet while great crowds of tourists swarm the valley, and clamber part way up the sides of the giant mountain, only a few venture to the summit. The two great motives that lead men to climb the high mountain are science and the love of adventure; in the case of the earliest conquerors, these two were joined together. This was especially the case with the great Swiss scientist, De Saussure, who, in 1761, had made known among the parishes of the valley of Chamonix that he would give a considerable reward to any one who would find a practicable route to the

summit of Mont Blanc; and he further offered to pay by the day those who should make fruitless attempts to discover such a route. During the twenty years that followed, more or less attempts were made; but it was not till 1786 that a young guide, Jacques Balmat, who had been born a year after De Saussure made his offer, succeeded in climbing the mountain and gaining the reward. The next year Saussure, himself, undertook the ascent. The story as told by him in his *Voyages dans les Alps* is full of interest. We see the intrepid scientist arriving at Chamonix, or Prieurè, as he calls it, and retained there nearly four weeks by bad weather; and at last starting out with one servant and eighteen guides, carrying his physical instruments and all other baggage. We follow him the first day as he makes his way through the pine forests, over steep pasturages, to the Pierre Pointue, where to-day is a *châlet de refuge*. Then plunging into a desolate and solitary region, by moraine and gigantic rocks over the Pierre del'Échelle, the dangerous couloir of the avalanche of the Aiguille du Midi, over vast fields of snow, with crevasses of frightful depth, and imposing séracs.

Then he reached the Grand Mulets, where now a cabane is found, 3,050 metres high on isolated rocks, sheltered from the winds. Then over the glacier of Tacconay and the three plateaus to the Roches Rouges, the Petits Mulets and finally the summit itself, where he arrived utterly worn out by fatigue and sickness. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he turned his eyes to Chamonix, "where I knew," he says, "my wife and her two sisters were following through the telescope, all my steps with an anxiety too great, perhaps, yet none the less cruel, and I experienced a sentiment very sweet and consoling when I saw floating the standard they had promised to wave when, at the moment they saw me arrived at the top, their fears would be at least suspended. I was able then to enjoy without regret the grand spectacle which I had before my eyes. A light vapor suspended in the lower regions of the air hid from me the sight of the lowest and most distant objects, such as the plains of France and Lombardy: but I did not regret this loss much; what I had just seen, and what I saw with the greatest clearness, is the whole ensemble of the lofty summit of which

GRANDS MULETS — THE PINNACLES.

I had so long desired to know the organisation. I could not believe my eyes: it seemed to me that it was a dream when I saw below my feet those majestic summits, those redoubtable aiguilles, le Midi, l'Argentière, le Géant, whose bases even had been for me so difficult and dangerous of access."

Things have changed since then, and the ascent of Mont Blanc is no longer a necessarily dangerous journey. Saussure had eighteen guides, now only three are needed: he took four days, now it can be done in two, and some have done it in one day. The number who climb the mountain every summer is comparatively large, not only men have done it, but even women. One man, Dr. Janssen, was carried up the entire distance, in a sled.

The name of Dr. Janssen is intimately connected with Mont Blanc on account of the observatory which he succeeded in building on the summit, and which still exists, a prominent object on the mountain as seen from the valley through the telescope. M. Vallot, who in 1887 had camped out under a canvas tent on the summit for three days and nights (thus going ahead of Tyndall, who in 1859 passed one night there) succeeded in

building an observatory between the Dôme du Goûter and the Bosses du Dromadaire at the height of 14,330 feet. This was in 1890. The difficulties of transporting the material to such a height was, as may well be imagined, enormous, but success crowned their efforts and a building sixteen by twelve feet and ten feet high was erected on solid rock.

Inspired by this success, Dr. Janssen, director of the observatory at Meudon near Paris, conceived the plan of building a similar observatory on the very summit. The enterprise was under the general direction of M. Eiffel, of tower fame, who engaged as local director M. Imfeld, a well-known Swiss surveyor. In the course of his work he ascended the mountain more than one hundred times. After driving galleries in the snow a number of times, it was found impossible to reach solid rock, and the building was constructed on the snow itself. In spite of many fears, however, the observatory remains to this day.

Hitherto we have seen only one side of Mont Blanc, its beauty and sublimity, — the deeds of heroic adventure, and the scientific knowledge, achieved on its top. But a darker strand

is interwoven with all the romance of mountain-climbing. The mountain has claimed its victims, as well as the Matterhorn, though no story, perhaps, is so dramatic as that told by Mr. Whymper on the occasion of the first ascent of the latter mountain.

In the Chapter of Accidents given by Mr. Whymper in his book on *Chamonix and the Range of Mont Blanc*, among other accidents we read how three guides were buried in snow in 1820; how in 1860, three Englishmen and a guide were killed while descending to Courmayeur; how in 1864 Ambroise Couttet walked into a crevasse and was killed; how in 1866 Captain Arkright and three others were killed by an avalanche; how, worst of all, in 1879 eleven persons perished near the summit. A vivid insight into the emotions under such circumstances is given by the entries in a note-book of a Mr. Bean, one of the eleven above mentioned, who were caught in a snowstorm and died not far from the Petits Mulets.

"Mont Blanc, September 7. If any one finds this note-book, I beg that it may be sent to Mrs. H. M. Bean, Jonesborough, Tennessee, United States of America. My dear Hessie; We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible

snow storm. We have lost our way, and are in a hole scooped out of the snow at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending. Perhaps this book may be found and forwarded. We have no food; my feet are already frozen and I am exhausted; I have only strength to write a few words. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, with affectionate thoughts of my family; my remembrances to all."

Five of the bodies were found frozen completely. The other six have not been discovered.

We must pass over the other accidents, among them that of the well-known classical scholar, R. L. Nettleship, of Balliol College, Oxford, and take space here for only the touching story, (or is it legend?) given in the account of Chamonix in the *Encyclopédie Larousse*. There we are told how in 1842, a young tourist, the last scion of one of the noble families of Sweden, climbing Mont Blanc, saw in the cracks of a steep rock, a beautiful little flower, called the "violet of the Alps," and prepared to climb the rock in order to pluck it. His companions tried to dissuade him, but with the words, "It is a souvenir I wish to send my mother," he started toward it. But at the

moment of plucking it, he slipped and fell into a crevasse, fifty feet deep. When the guides, after infinite trouble, reached the bottom of the precipice, they found his body completely frozen. His mother was sent for and, deeply moved at the story of his death, resolved to climb the mountain and pluck the flower herself, and thus fulfill the last wish of her son. Nothing could turn her from this resolve. "I shall have it, since it was destined for me." The most famous guides in Chamonix were engaged, and the courageous mother finally succeeded in plucking the flower herself; but immediately afterward she fainted, but still holding tightly in her hand the fateful "violet of the Alps."

We have given above a description of sunrise on Mont Blanc in the poetry of Coleridge and the prose of Tyndall; it may not be inappropriate to give here its pendant, the sunset, as seen from the summit of the mountain, abridged from the beautiful words of Sir Leslie Stephen:

"Carefully calculating our time, we advanced along the 'Dromedary's Hump' and stepped upon the culminating ridge of the mountain about an hour before sunset. We had time to collect our-

selves, to awake our powers of observation, and to prepare for the grand spectacle, for which preparations were already being made. There had been rehearsals enough in all conscience to secure a perfect performance. For millions of ages the lamps had been lighted and the transparencies had been shown with no human eye to observe or hand to applaud. Twice, I believe only twice before, an audience had taken its place in this lofty gallery.

"We not only knew, but felt that at our feet was lying a vast slice of the map of Europe. The effect was to exaggerate the apparent height, till the view had about it something portentous and unnatural: it seemed to be such a view as could be granted not even to mountaineers of earthly mould, but rather to some genie from the *Arabian Nights*, flying high above a world tinted with the magical colouring of old romance.

"Thus distinctly drawn, though upon so minute a scale, every rock and slope preserved its true value, and the impression of stupendous height became almost oppressive as it was forced upon the imagination that a whole world of mountains, each of them a mighty mass in itself, lay couched far beneath our feet, reaching across the whole diameter of the vast panorama. And now, whilst occupied in drinking in that strange sensation, and allowing our minds to recover their equilib-

rium from the first staggering shock of astonishment, began the strange spectacle of which we were the sole witnesses. One long delicate cloud, suspended in mid-air just below the sun, was gradually adorning itself with prismatic colouring. Round the limitless horizon ran a faint fog-bank, unfortunately not quite thick enough to produce that depth of colouring which sometimes makes an Alpine sunset inexpressibly gorgeous. The weather — it was the only complaint we had to make — erred on the side of fineness. But the colouring was brilliant enough to prevent any thoughts of serious disappointment. The long series of western ranges melted into a uniform hue as the sun declined in their rear. Amidst their folds the Lake of Geneva became suddenly lighted up in a faint yellow gleam. To the east a blue gauze seemed to cover valley by valley, as they sank into night and the intervening ridges rose with increasing distinctness, or rather it seemed that some fluid of exquisite delicacy of colour and substance was flooding all the lower country beneath the grata mountains. Peak by peak the high snow fields caught the rosy glow and shone like signal fires across the dim breadths of delicate twilight. Like Xerxes, we looked over the countless host sinking into rest, but with the rather different reflection, that a hundred years hence they would probably be doing much the same thing,

whilst we should long have ceased to take any interest in the performance. And suddenly began a more startling phenomenon. A vast cone, with its apex pointing away from us, seemed to be suddenly cut out from the world beneath; night was within its borders and the twilight still all round; the blue mists were quenched where it fell, and for the instant we could scarcely tell what was the origin of this strange appearance. Some unexpected change seemed to have taken place in the program; as though a great fold in the curtain had suddenly given way, and dropped on to part of the scenery. Of course, a moment's reflection explained the meaning of this uncanny intruder; it was the giant shadow of Mont Blanc, testifying to his supremacy over all meaner eminences. It is difficult to say how sharply marked was the outline, and how startling was the contrast between this pyramid of darkness and the faintly lighted spaces beyond its influence; a huge inky blot seemed to have suddenly fallen upon the landscape. As we gazed we could see it move. It swallowed up ridge by ridge, and its sharp point crept steadily from one landmark to another down the broad Valley of Aosta. We were standing, in fact, on the point of the gnomon of a gigantic sundial, the face of which was formed by thousands of square miles of mountain and valley. So clear was the outline that, if figures had been

scrawled upon glaciers and ridges, we could have told the time to a second; indeed, we were half inclined to look for our own shadows at a distance so great that whole villages would be represented by a scarcely distinguishable speck of colouring. The huge shadow, looking ever more strange and magical, struck the distant Becca di Nona, and then climbed into the dark region where the broader shadow of the world was rising into the eastern sky. By some singular effect of perspective, rays of darkness seemed to be converging from above our heads to a point immediately above the apex of the shadowy cone. For a time it seemed that there was a kind of anti-sun in the east, pouring out not light, but deep shadow as it rose. The apex soon reached the horizon, and then to our surprise began climbing the distant sky. Would it never stop, and was Mont Blanc capable of overshadowing not only the earth but the sky? For a minute or two I fancied, in a bewildered way, that the unearthly object would fairly rise from the ground and climb upwards to the zenith. But rapidly the lights went out upon the great army of mountains; the snow all around took the livid hue which immediately succeeds an Alpine sunset, and almost at a blow the shadow of Mont Blanc was swallowed up in the general shade of night. The display had ceased suddenly at its culminating point, and it was highly ex-

pedient for the spectators to retire. We had no time to lose if we would get off the summit before the grip of the frost should harden the snows into an ice-crust; and in a minute we were running and sliding downwards at our best pace towards the familiar Corridor."

There are a number of ways of reaching Chamonix, from the Valley of the Rhone by way of Martigny and the Tête Noire, or Vernayaz and Salvan, or from Geneva by way of Sallanches or Sixt. Most of these journeys can now be taken by railroad, but when I first visited Chamonix the trip from either side had to be done on foot or by diligence. I have made this journey a number of times, from Martigny, Vernayaz, and Geneva, but the pleasantest mode of travel I have found to be by bicycle. Chamonix is some fifty miles away from Geneva, and some two thousand feet higher in altitude. It is hard going, but the return is one continual coasting for nearly the whole distance, and one feels something of the pleasure the old German barbarians must have felt, when, invading Italy, they are said to have slid down the snowy slopes of the Alps on their shields. but perhaps the pleasantest of all my visits

to Chamonix was the trip I took with a party of Genevese students and others. We did not enter the great hotels of the town itself, but went to Argentière, at the foot of the glacier of that name, and there in the darkness of the late night, when the whole village was fast asleep and the silence was broken only by the barking of dogs, we roused the proprietor of a little country inn and put up for the night. It is in such unconventional excursions as this, on foot, with a group of natives, that we learn to know the real life of the country. But after all the pleasantest, as well as the most recent, visit I have made to Chamonix was the one I made two summers ago. We had been spending a month or so at Bern, making that quaint old city a centre for trips in various directions. Leaving the city we took the train, passed through Freiburg over the low-lying hills to Lausanne, came out through the tunnel, whence all of a sudden a magnificent view of Lake Geneva is had, with the Dent Blanche beyond; then skirted along the lake, above Montreux, Vevey and the castle of Chillon, entered the Rhone Valley at Villeneuve, and finally arrived at Martigny.

Here we took the new mountain railroad, only completed a short time before, crossed the Trient near the famous Gorge of the same name, climbed the hills, passed through tunnels, and finally reached the station of Salvan. Then we crept along the steep hill-slope, at times perpendicularly above the gorges of Trient to Fin-Haut; then descended to the station on the Swiss frontier, Châtelard Trient, where the Tête Noire road diverges to the left. Then the cars climbed again to the water-shed between the Rhone and the Arve, where a magnificent view of the Mont Blanc range is revealed; and so on to Argentière with its glacier, past Les Tines and Les Praz d'en Haut to Chamonix itself.

In travelling abroad, the simple comforts of life, cleanliness, good food, comfortable beds and pleasant spoken people are of great importance, and often are among the pleasant memories of after times. We were fortunate in finding all these at the Hotel de Paris. The first evening was especially pleasant. After dinner we went out on the balcony back of the hotel, overlooking a little garden, at the end of which flowed the Arve with its rushing waters. It was at the close of day,

the air was cool and fresh, all the valley was sunk in shadow; on the precipitous mountains opposite us, one bright light was shining indicating the location of the Châlet of the Plan des Aiguilles. But the sunlight still gilded the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, and for a long time we watched the light gradually fade away, until it was all gone. And then the moon arose, turning to silver the snow that a short time before had been flushed with rose.

The next week quickly passed in various trips to the points of interest, of which there are many at Chamonix.

The most famous of all these trips, and the one which every visitor must make, if he does nothing else, is that to the Montanvert, a height on the east side of the valley, some three thousand feet above Chamonix, whence one has a striking view of the great glacier known as the Mer de Glace. This most famous of all Swiss glaciers has its rise among the highest basins of the Mont Blanc chain, forms itself in three branches and flows into the valley in an enormous ice-cataract four and a half miles long and from one-half to one and a quarter miles broad. From Mon-

tanvert the Mer de Glace can be traversed without danger or much difficulty, and the impressions made upon us by that wilderness of icy crags, of deep crevasses, of little trickling streams of water formed by the melting ice, is one that is not easily forgotten. Crossing to the other side we ascend over the débris of the right lateral moraine to the top, then by the Mauvais Pas, the only part fraught with any possible danger, to the Chapeau, a projecting rock, which though lower than the Montanvert gives a fine view of the valley of Chamonix, and the lower part of the Mer de Glace, known as the Glacier des Bois. There is always such a crowd of people on a clear summer's day, making this trip, that danger seems to be a thing unknown. Last summer as we clambered down the Mauvais Pas, a man ahead seemed to be extremely impressed with its danger, and attracted the amused attention of the rest by the painful way in which he clung to the iron rods, imbedded in the rock to facilitate the descent. And yet in this very spot only a few days later, we read in *Le Matin* how a young Frenchwoman made a false step, fell, and was picked up dead. The Mauvais Pas,

THE CHAPEAU.

however, is no more dangerous than the streets of Paris, for about the same time we read of a woman who, descending from the impériale of an omnibus, lost her balance, fell, rolled over on the ground and was killed.

A more cheerful scene than this occurred at the chalet just before we descended the Mauvais Pas. A gentleman, his wife and young son ordered a bottle of lemonade, with three glasses. One of the glasses contained more than the others. I watched the actions of the boy, who extended his hand to take the largest glass. But suddenly he drew it back, and touched the smallest glass; then, again, his hand travelled back to the largest, lingered a moment but finally took up resolutely the smallest. It was a pretty study in human nature, and I rejoiced that, this time at least, selfishness was overcome.

Another excursion which everybody is supposed to make is to the Flégère, a buttress of one of the peaks of the Aiguilles Rouges, (6,158 feet high), with a panoramic view of the whole valley of Chamonix, and especially of the Mer de Glace opposite, which can be followed to its source surrounded on the left side by the Aiguille Verte, and on the right

by the Aiguilles du Grand Charmoz, de Blaitière, du Plan and du Midi. We looked with peculiar interest at the Aiguille de la République, for we had had the good fortune the day before to have as our guide, over the Mer de Glace, Joseph Simond, who, in the words of the picture postal card, lying before me as I write, "is the only guide who has ever climbed the Aiguille de la République." I know nothing more about M. Simond's skill as a mountaineer than this statement, but I can vouch for the fact that he has a delightful personality, and as we shook hands in parting, we felt as if we were taking leave of a friend.

The trip to the Flégère is usually enough for one day; but many years ago when I was younger I made both this trip and the one to the Brévent, (8,285 feet in height,) far to the right of the Flégère, and reached from the latter by the Route de Planpraz, which winds along in full view of the Mont Blanc range. The last part of the ascent is by what is called the Cheminée, a couloir, through steep rocks, with iron bars fixed in them, and steps to assist the traveller in his ascent. From the Brévent a magnificent view is had, especially

of Mont Blanc, which, as Baedeker says, "is here revealed in all its grandeur;" while to the left beyond the Flégère we see the Bernese Alps, and to the south the Alps of Dauphiny.

The easiest of all excursions from Chamonix, and by no means the least interesting, is the Glacier des Bossons, which is more attractive than the Mer de Glace, though not so large or sublime. The electric railroad will carry us in a few minutes to the station of Les Bossons, and after a short climb we reach the moraine at the side of the glacier, with a chalet for the sale of beverages and picture cards. The inevitable ice-grotto is there also, hewn for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet into the glacier, dripping with moisture, with rivulets running below us in the crevasses of the ice, yet affording a beautiful sight of the delicate blue colour of the pure ice uncontaminated with dirt and stones of the moraines. There is no greater sport than to spend an hour or two on the Bosson, climbing the frozen billows of the river of ice, and stopping from time to time to admire the wonderful view all around us.

But it is not necessary to take these trips to enjoy Chamonix; there are countless pleas-

ant walks in every direction, where, without fatigue, basking in the sunshine, listening to the murmur of the Arve, resting our eyes on green meadows or lifting them to the everlasting snow of Mont Blanc, all conspiring to fill our bodies with healthful vigour and our minds with peace, while

> "Books and schools and learning seem,
> "Like the far-off echo of a sickly dream."

I remember one delightful walk I had along the road to Argentière. At times there was a little rain, and then a little sunshine. The hills were shrouded in clouds, and as I walked I glanced from time to time at the *Matin* with, its chronicle of crimes and frivolities of life in Paris; and all the while the rushing waters of the Arve were beside me, the Mer de Glace poured down its frozen flood across the valley, the pleasant sound of bells from the grazing cattle on the hillside was heard, and behind me, though I could not see it, I was concious of the mighty dome of Mont Blanc rising high among the clouds.

No less pleasant are the evenings. We have had a hard day's work of climbing. We have returned to our hotel travel-stained and

weary. We have taken our bath, eaten dinner with a hearty appetite, and sally forth into the narrow streets of the village. The shops are brilliantly lighted, and crowded with purchasers of souvenirs; on the public squares the guides stand in groups, waiting for some prospective employer, a continual stream of men and women of all nationalities under the sun are promenading back and forth or making their way to the Casino. Overhead the stars are shining, a keen, cool air strikes our forehead, and life seems fair and sweet. Then home to bed, and a sound sleep, lulled by the musical murmur of the never-resting Arve, hurrying along to fling itself into the Rhone just outside Geneva.

The last evening is the most beautiful of all. We sit on the veranda, gazing on the now familiar scene. The memory of pleasant days spent there, the sense of the health of body and peace of mind we have acquired, as well as a touch of regret as we think how to-morrow we must leave all these fair scenes, all these combine to put us in an elegiac mood. And as we look up and down the valley, then across to the lower summit and finally to the summit of Mont Blanc, where

the last roseate hues of setting sun still linger, involuntarily the lines of James Montgomery's beautiful poem come to our minds:

"Come, golden evening! in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops; 'Tis done.
The tempest ceases, — bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on passes night;
Mont Blanc is lovely still!

"There take thy stand, my spirit; spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly overhead,
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the silent gloom.

"All in a moment, crash on crash
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies.
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep, replies.

"Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt; but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a moon
With her awakening beam.

"Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghostlier light,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
They seem so exquisitely frail,
Lest they should vanish thence.

"I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face;
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

"Safe on thy banks I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,

Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find."

CHAPTER X

GENEVA AND ITS LAKE

ONE of the oldest and most famous cities in Europe is Geneva, capital of the Canton of the same name, and situated at the southern end of the Lake where the Rhone issues from its waters, to join the Arve further above. It is famous not only for its scenery, but for its history, for its literary associations, for the character of its people, and for the fact that for centuries it has been a centre of Protestantism. It has been sung and praised by poets and men of letter of all times. Thus lyrically, though in prose, Ruskin writes:

"And still I am more thankful, through every year of added life, that I was born in London, near enough to Geneva for me to reach it easily; and yet a city so contrary to everything Genevese as best to teach me what the wonders of the little Canton were. A little Canton four miles square, composed of a cluster of watermills, a street of penthouses, two wooden bridges, two dozen of

stone houses on a little hill, and three or four perpendicular lanes up and down the hill. The four miles of acreage round, in grass, with modest gardens and farm dwelling-houses, the people, pious, learned and busy, to a man, to a woman — to a boy, to a girl of them; progressing to and fro mostly on their feet, and only where they had business. And this bird's nest of a place, to be the centre of religious and social thought and of physical beauty, to all living Europe! That is to say, thinking and designing Europe — France, Germany, Italy. They and their pieties and their prides, their arts and their insanities, their wraths and slaughters, springing and flowering, building, and fortifying and foaming and thundering round this inconceivable point of patience; the most lovely spot, and the most notable, without any possible dispute, of the European universe."

And then Ruskin, in his usual way of inveighing against all modern improvements, speaks of the present condition of Geneva, with the "polypous knots of houses, communal with London, Paris and New York. Beneath which and on the esplanades of the modern casino, New York and London now live, no more the Genevese."

The history of Geneva runs back to far-

LAKE GENEVA AND DENT DU MIDI.

thest times. It was the chief city of the Allobrogi; was twice destroyed and rebuilt under the Roman Emperors, was christened in the fourth century, fell under the assaults of the Burgundians, and later formed part of the empire of Charlemagne. During the Middle Ages it was ruled at first by Bishops, then by Counts of Geneva; but little by little gained its independence till in the eleventh century it was recognised as a free imperial city. But for centuries afterward it was in continual state of struggle against the efforts of the Dukes of Savoy to incorporate it in their domain. This endured till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the citizens of Geneva were divided into two parties, Mamelukes, or followers of the House of Savoy, and the Hugenots (Eidgenossen) who, strengthened by the treaty with Freiburg (1519) and Bern (1525), made desperate efforts to achieve their freedom. With the introduction of the Reformation under Farel and Viret, Geneva occupied an influential position in Europe. Everybody knows how Calvin established there a theocratic government; how all Calvinists of France, Switzerland, Hungary and Germany, henceforth in the days of perse-

cution turned their eyes to Geneva, as to the citadel of their hopes. And alas! everybody also knows how Michael Servetus was burned at the stake by Calvin, because of his doctrine of the Lord's Supper.

A vivid picture of the narrow religious life in Geneva under Calvin's rule is given by Rodolphe Rey in his *Genève et les Rives du Léman:* — "According to the laws of Calvin, each head of a family was required to attend divine service and to bring up his children and servants in the pure doctrine. Playing cards, dice, music, dancing, and the frequenting of taverns were all forbidden. Not only blasphemy was punished, but even light and frivolous songs, and vulgar language. The day began at five o'clock in the morning; most of the people went to church the first thing. When the gates were opened, the guards and the peasants fell to their knees and uttered a short prayer. In the afternoon the merchants shut the shops and went to church. All ornaments of gold and silver were forbidden. All luxury, all superfluity in living, lodging, food, furniture had disappeared. The rich lived frugally in order to help the needs of the poor, and to raise large collections."

The final emancipation of Geneva from Savoy occurred in 1602, when the army of the latter, in the night of December 11, in the midst of peace, treacherously strove to surprise the sleeping city, by climbing the ramparts. This attempt, called "escalade," was a failure, and from that time on to the French Revolution Geneva was able to develop its own fortunes.

Many great men have rendered this city illustrious; Calvin, already spoken of, Agrippe d'Aubigné, (the founder of the Genevan d'Aubignés, and known to all by his history of the Reformation,) and, perhaps greatest of all Rousseau, — "the self-tortured sophist" as Byron calls him,

> "Wild Rousseau
> The apostle of affliction, he who threw
> Enchantment over passion, and from woe
> Wrung overwhelming eloquence,"

whose influence on the world of politics, education, literature and culture, is literally indescribable, and without whom we should probably have had no Kant, Tolstoy or Goethe. And in addition to all these we have the multitude of literary men of all times,

Milton, who wrote a sonnet to Diodati, Byron, Shelley, and many others.

The situation of Geneva is one of the most lovely in Europe. The inner part of the city still retains its ancient appearance, with high houses, steep and narrow streets. The finest quarters are along the Grand Quai and the Quai de Mont Blanc, with their handsome bridges and hotels, the Rue du Mont Blanc, the Corraterie with their shops and the Place de Plainpalais. Objects of curiosity are the house of Calvin, the site of Rousseau's birthplace, that of Saussure, the monument of Rousseau and the island named after him.

I have lived in Geneva a number of times, attending courses at the University, and making-trips to the surrounding country. As I write these lines, my mind goes back twenty years to the time when first I saw this lovely city. It was in my *Lehr-* and *Wanderjahren.* I had spent several semesters at the University of Berlin, had gone from there to Paris, and finally in early spring had come to Geneva. Here I spent a number of months, becoming acquainted with the Genevese, walking through the sunny streets, rowing on the lake, lingering on the Quai du Mont Blanc

in the afternoon to see the Alpenglow of sunset on the distant summit of Mont Blanc, gazing with interest at the gayeties in Plainpalais on the occasion of the *Tir Féderal*, or admiring the so-called *embrasement* or illumination of the harbour at night.

On holidays there were the trips to the places of interest in the surrounding country; to Ferney, six miles from Geneva, rendered famous by Voltaire who came here after the disastrous result of his visit to Frederick the Great and who dominated all Europe from this small village, and only leaving it in 1778 to go to Paris, to die from the effects of the apotheosis with which he was there honoured; to Chamonix, already mentioned; to the Dôle and the shores of the lake, mentioned later.

Two pleasant memories come to me as I write. One of the bicycle journey to Lake Annecy, with an exciting incident of my bicycle running away with me, going down a long hill, and only stopped just in time to prevent a disastrous plunge in the river; and the other the climb to the top of the Salève, a long hill of limestone rock to the southeast of Geneva, about three thousand feet high, and ten miles long, sinking down at each end

and marked with longitudinal stripes, due to horizontal strata of whitish calcareous stone. The aspect of the Salève from the town is peculiar, due to the stripes above mentioned, and to the strange dent on the steep edge of the summit, where a piece seems to have been knocked off, leaving a wide gap down to the mid-height of the mountain, with strata corresponding on either side. For years the Salève has been a favorite resort for the inhabitants of Geneva, though little known to tourists. Ruskin has another of his contemptuous flings at English tourists apropos of this mountain. In the second volume of the *Præterita*, he describes how "above field and wood, leaps up the Salève cliff, two thousand feet into the air," and then adds, "I don't think anybody who goes to Geneva ever sees the Salève. For the most part, no English creature ever does see farther than over the way; and the Salève, unless you carefully peer into it and make out what it is, pretends to be nothing, a long low swell — like the South Downs, I fancy most people take it for, and look no more."

There is a certain irritation that comes to us in reading Ruskin, with his pride of accu-

rate and æsthetic observation, his contempt for others who cannot see what he does, all of which seems singularly out of place in the midst of the beauty of nature. For after all superciliousness and boasting are the same, whether they are connected with wealth, intellectual accomplishments or æsthetic taste.

More beautiful than any other literary reference to the environs of Geneva, is the poem of Browning, entitled *La Saisiaz.* This poem was due to a visit Mr. Browning made in the autumn of 1877, with his sister, at a villa called "La Saisiaz," (*sun* in the dialect of Savoy,) in company with a young English girl, who died suddenly in the night of September 14. This sad event brought the poet's mind to ponder on the most solemn of all questions, death, God, the soul, and the future life. In the earlier lines he describes the view from the summit of Salève, telling how he and a friend climbed the hill, setting

"Our faces to the rose-bloom o'er the summits front of stone,
Where Salève obtaining from Jura and the sunken sun she hides,
Due return of blushing 'Good night,' rosy as a borne-off bride's

For his masculine 'Good Morrow' when with sunrise still in hold
Gay he hails her, and, magnific, thrilled, her black length burns to gold,
Up and up we went, how careless — nay how joyous! All was new.
"All was strange. Call progress toilsome? that were just insulting you?
How the trees must temper noontide! Ah the thicket's sudden break!
What will be the morning glory, when at dusk thus gleams the lake?
Light by light puts forth Geneva: what a land, and of the land,
Can there be a lovelier station than this spot where now we stand?

"There's the convent worth a visit; but the triumph crowning all —
There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes greatness small,
Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red and white and green,
Horns of silver, bands of crystal set on edge in his demesne."

Even more famous and beautiful than the city is the Lake of Geneva.

"Clear, placid Leman," cries out Childe Harold in Byron's poem,

"Thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a fairer spring,
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction."

And then for a number of stanzas we have a magnificent poetic itinerary of the shores of the lake.

In recent years Sir Leslie Stephen has added his testimony to the beauty of Lake Geneva in eloquent words:

"The Lake of Geneva is almost a sacred place to the lover of mountain scenery; whether we hail it as the first introduction to the beauties of the Alps or pay them a last farewell from its shores, it is equally incomparable, its lovely grouping of rock and hanging meadow and distant snow and rich lowland and breadth of deep blue water strike one as a masterpiece in some gallery of exquisite landscapes. We now look upon it, or ought to look upon it, as tinged with poetical associations from Rousseau and Byron."

While the city of Geneva had long been a centre of religious and social thought, in Europe, it was only toward the end of the eighteenth century that the natural beauty of the Lake began to attract visitors.

The labours and the writings of Saussure, the discovery of Chamonix, the ascent of Mont Blanc, prepared the way. But it was Rousseau who made the shores of Lake Geneva and the surrounding country the most popular "touristen-punkt" in Europe. It was he who gave the first impulse to modern mountain worship. With him the love of nature was deep and personal, not merely scientific or intellectual. In his loneliness and exile, tormented by morbid fancies and his half-insane suspicion of all men, he found comfort, peace, and health in the bosom of nature. He especially loved wild and gloomy scenes, and tells us in his *Confessions* that he required "torrents, rocks, dark forest, mountains, and precipices." Again in the *Nouvelle Héloise*, speaking of the scenery of the Valais, he says, "It is a general impression which all men experience though all do not observe it, that in the high mountain where the air is pure and clear, the respiration is freer, the body is lighter, and the soul is more serene." Yet it would be a mistake to attribute to Rousseau the sentiments of Wordsworth and Ruskin in regard to the higher mountain regions of Switzerland. He was

like the eighteenth century in being devoid of the capacity for feeling awe. "The Alpine waste," says Mr. Morley, "which throws your puniest modern into rapture, had no attraction for him. . . . The humble heights of the Jura and the lovely points of the valley of Chambéry sufficed to give him all the pleasure of which he was capable."

Most of the landscapes he describes are those around Lake Geneva, Clarens, Vevey, Meillerie, and the valley of the Rhone. His description of the retreat at Meillerie, given in the *Nouvelle Héloise*, was especially famous, and attracted his devotees in large numbers.

It may not be inappropriate to quote here part of this famous passage, which among others induced Goethe to visit the lake, and when he visited Vevey in 1779, "he could not restrain his tears when he saw across the lake Meillerie and had before him all the place which the immortal Rousseau had peopled with living forms."

The reader of the *Nouvelle Héloise* will remember how St. Preux and Julie have been idly rowing over the waters of the lake, fishing near the shore, then pushing out to open

lake to admire the beauty of the shore of the lake and the mountains on all sides, how a northwest wind finally drove them to shore, where after a struggle they succeeded in landing. It was near the hill of Meillerie. They ate lunch, and as the waters were still rough, St. Preux proposed a *tour de promenade.*

"We reached Meillerie after an hour's walk over the fresh and winding path, which mounting gently between rocks and trees, was troublesome only on account of its length. This solitary place formed a *réduit* wild and deserted, but full of those kinds of beauty which please only sensitive souls, and seem terrible to others. A torrent formed by melting of snows rolled twenty steps from us its muddy water, and noisily carried away with it clay, sand, and stones. Behind us a chain of inaccessible rocks separated the esplanade where we were from that part of the Alps called Les Glaciers, because enormous summits of ice which increase incessantly has covered them since the beginning of the world. Forests of black fir-trees made a melancholy shadow on our right. A large grove of oak-trees was to the left, on the other side of the torrent; and below us this immense plain of water, which the lake forms in the bosom of the Alps, separated us from the rich coasts of the Canton de Vaud, crowned by the summit of the majestic Jura."

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

But besides the all-pervading presence of Rousseau, almost every town on or near Lake Geneva is associated more or less with some other great name, — Geneva with Calvin, Lausanne with Gibbon, Coppet with Madame de Staël, St. Cergue with Lamartine, and Ferney with Voltaire. Most interesting of all, however, for English-speaking people are the memories that cluster about the names of Byron and Shelley. The former after his separation from Lady Byron, in 1816, sailed up the Rhine to Bâle, thence to Bern, Lausanne, and Geneva, marking his route, as he went, by those wonderful stanzas of *Childe Harold*, which are among the noblest "poems of places" ever written. On arriving at Geneva he stopped at the hotel in Sècheron just outside of the town on the west shore of the lake. Here he became acquainted with Shelley, his wife, and Clara Clermont, a relative of the latter. The two great but eccentric poets became at once fast friends; both were extremely fond of boating, and every evening, accompanied by the ladies, they sailed on the lake. When Shelley, finding the life at the hotel too dear, left Sécheron and took a villa on the eastern shore of the

lake, Byron would sail across every evening, till he too came to live on the same side, in the Villa Diodati, once owned by the well-known Genevese theologian of that name, who had here been honoured by a visit from Milton. The life of the two poets at this time was a strange mingling of idleness and work, of "high thinking and low living." They did not go into society, but spent the time in reading, writing, boating and long conversations, often prolonged far into the night. It is doubtful if society would have received them, even if they had manifested any desire for it, instead of avoiding systematically as they did all intercourse with the world outside of their own little group. The most incredible stories, says Byron, were told concerning him; he was watched from the other side of the lake through telescopes; on one occasion in the house of Madame de Staël, an old lady swooned when he entered the room.

The most interesting episode of the sojourn of Byron and Shelley in Geneva was the circumnavigation of the lake in the month of June. Both became enthusiastic admirers of Rousseau, whose spirit seems to hover over every part of the lake. The great sentimental-

ist, accompanied by his Thérèse and several others, had formerly made this same voyage. With the *Nouvelle Héloise* in their hands, Byron and Shelley visited Meillerie, Clarens, Vevey, and Chillon. Clarens especially moved them; Shelley with difficulty kept from tears, and Byron wrote some of his tenderest lines:

"Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought:
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his color caught."

Like St. Preux and Madame Wolmar, Shelley and Byron were caught in a storm near Meillerie, and for a time it looked as if they were doomed to destruction; they finally succeeded, however, in reaching St. Gingolph. They spent the evening after the storm reading the letters of St. Preux to Julie. "It would have been very classical to have been lost there," said Byron afterward to Medwin, "but not very agreeable." At Ouchy, where they were detained two days by the rain, Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon* and probably the stanzas on Rousseau and Clarens in the third canto of *Childe Harold.*

Among the many pleasant recollections of my

numerous sojourns in Geneva, two especially stand forth. One was when with a party of Genevese I left Geneva in the morning, went by railroad as far as Nyon, then walked up to the little village of St. Cergue in a green valley at the base of the Dôle, where Lamartine went to escape military service under Napoleon. Here we had a splendid view of Lake Geneva and the Mont Blanc; but found some difficulty in getting a place to sleep, for the present hotels and pensions were not then in existence. We finally found accommodations in the townhall, and rising early in the morning, climbed to the summit of the Dôle, the highest peak of the Swiss Jura. Here we passed a delightful hour or two, made a hearty lunch, gazed at the extensive and picturesque view, with the beautiful Lake Geneva at our feet, the majestic Mont Blanc with its mantle of everlasting snow.

Instead of returning by the same route, we walked along the summit of the Jura until we arrived at the Col de la Faucille, where before the days of the railroad, travellers from France usually made their entrance into Switzerland. It was by this road that Ruskin came to Geneva in 1835, and he describes the beautiful view in his customary enthusiastic manner.

The carriage road crossed the Jura by the Col de la Faucille, "where the chain opens suddenly, and a sweep of the road, traversed in five minutes at a trot, opens the whole of Lake Geneva and the chain of the Alps along a hundred miles of horizon."

"I have never seen this view perfectly but once," continues Mr. Ruskin, "in this year 1835; when I drew it carefully in my then fashion, and have been contented. I look back to it as the confirming sequel of the first view of the Alps from Schauffhausen. Very few travellers, even in old times, saw it at all; tired of the long posting journey from Paris, by the time they got to the Col they were mostly thinking only of their dinners and rest at Geneva; the guide-books said nothing about it; and though for everybody it was an inevitable task to ascend the Righi, nobody ever thought there was anything to be seen from the Dôle. Both mountains have had enormous influence on my whole life; the Dôle continually and calmly; the Righi at sorrowful intervals. But the Col de la Faucille on that day of 1835 opened to me in distinct vision the Holy Land of my future work, and true home in this world. My eyes

had been opened and my heart with them, to see and possess royally such a kingdom! Far as the eye could reach, that land and its moving or pausing waters; Arve and his gates of Cluse, and his glacier fountains; Rhone and the infinitude of his sapphire lake, his peace beneath the narcissus meads of Vevey, his cruelty beneath the promontories of Sierre. And all that rose against and melted into the sky, of mountain and mountain-snow; and all that living plain, burning with human gladness, studded with white homes, a milky way of star dwellings cast across the sunlit blue."

Another delightful trip that stands out in my memory is that around the lake on a bicycle. With an American friend, now a professor in one of our universities, I started out to circle both the shores of Lake Geneva. As the lake is forty-five miles in length, and in its widest part upwards of eight and a half miles broad, we had to take several days to accomplish the journey. But it was a most delightful one. We skirted first the southern shore, which beyond the little stream named Hermance belongs to France. We passed through Thonon-les-Bains, Evian-les-Bains, a fashionable resort frequented chiefly by the

French of the upper classes; by St. Gingolph, which belongs half to the canton of the Valais: Bouveret, at the southeast end of the lake, and thence wheeled to Villeneuve, a small town dating back to Roman times, situated in the east bay of the lake, and a mile and a half from Chillon.

One of the best known places in Switzerland is the Castle of Chillon. It is famous for its beautiful location, and the view it affords "across the glimmering lake, and the depth profound of the Valais"; it is also interesting from an historical point of view, for it is here that was imprisoned the original of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, François de Bonivard, born at Seyssel in 1496. Being an ardent republican, he espoused the cause of the Genevese against the Duke of Savoy, who was seeking to assert his seigniorial rights against Geneva. In 1519, on the entrance of the Duke into Geneva, Bonivard was arrested and imprisoned for two years at Grolée. He was released, but again, in 1530, fell once more into the hands of the Duke of Savoy, and was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon until 1536, when he was liberated by the forces of the Bernese and Genevese. On his return to

Geneva, he was highly honored and endowed with a pension. He died about 1570.

It has been proved, however, that Byron was entirely ignorant of the story of Bonivard; and his prisoner, though he bears an historic name, nevertheless is a poetic fiction; yet nothing envelops the Castle of Chillon with a more puissant charm than the lines of Byron, who bears the same relation to the Lake of Geneva that Schiller does to that of Lucerne.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

The journey back to Geneva by the north shore is far more interesting, and consequently takes more time than by the south shore. The difference in the character of the land and the people between the two is very striking; the southern or French shore being for the most part occupied by poor and wretched villages inhabited by unhappy-looking peasants; while the Swiss shore is one constant succession of pleasant towns and villages,

splendid hotels, country houses and villas, groves and gardens, and promenades along the shore. There is Montreux, which consists of a number of villages scattered on the hillside or on the lake; Clarens, Territet, Veytaux, and others, the central point being Montreux-Vernex where are the railroad station and steamboat pier. Then there is Vevey, next in importance to Lausanne, the scene of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloise*, and possessing a little church in which are the remains of the regicides Ludlow and Broughton. Both Vevey and the various constituent elements of Montreux are among the most popular resorts in Switzerland, not only as a summer, but also as a winter residence. A popular feature is the so-called "Grape Cure," which begins at the end of September and lasts a month. On account of all this we are not surprised at the extraordinary number of good hotels and pensions which crowd the shore and hills of this part of the lake. Past these pleasant towns and villages we go, through the picturesquely situated city of Lausanne, through Morges, with its fine view of Mont Blanc, through Rolle, and Nyon, and Coppet, made famous by Madame de Staël,

until we come to the charming villas and rich vegetation which adorn the environs of Geneva, reaching finally the city itself.

One trip that the traveller cannot fail to take is to Ferney, the château just over the frontiers, in which, as I have already mentioned, Voltaire lived after he came back from Prussia in 1758 and which for the next twenty years became the centre of the literary, religious and philosophical movements of France. Here, blessed with a competence which relieved him from all pecuniary anxieties, surrounded by the admiration, — nay by the adoration, — of all Europe, his mental powers not affected by his growing age, Voltaire began one of the most fruitful epochs of his life, at an age when most men think of retiring from all active labor. With an astounding ability for work, versatility and energy, he poured forth writings of all sorts, books and pamphlets, letters and essays, prose and poetry. His works were eagerly sought for and read by all Europe, bourgeois and noble, and even by Frederick II, Empress Catherine of Russia, and the Kings of Denmark, Poland, and Sweden. "He had founded in Europe," it was said of him, "a league of which he was the soul, and

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of which the war-cry was reason and tolerance." Only once did he leave this world-famous château; that was in 1778, when he went to Paris, to enjoy the ovation which was prepared for him there and where, overcome by the excitement, he died May 30, 1778, at the age of eighty-four years.

We can still see to-day the church he built for the people of the village he founded, with the inscription "Deo erexit Voltaire" (built for God by Voltaire). And in the château many memorials of the great writer himself, while from the garden terrace we can enjoy the same beautiful view over Lake Geneva that he enjoyed as he sat there day after day one hundred and fifty years ago.

A number of times as I had passed by rail from Bern to Lausanne I had admired the comfort and beauty of the fine old farm-houses, which give such a prosperous look to that part of the country, and I had often wished I might spend some time there on one of these farms. At last one June my wishes were gratified, and for five weeks I lived the life of the French peasant of the Canton de Vaud. Our farm was about one hour's walk from Lausanne, high on the hill, and com-

prised about one hundred acres of rolling land, meadows and fields of grain. On clear days we could see the whole extent of the lake, with the Salève in the distance behind Geneva, and on the left the Rhone Valley with the snowy peaks of the Grand Combin in the background. Across the blue waters of the lake which lay at our feet was Meillerie, rendered so famous by Rousseau, and over one of its shoulders peeped Mont Blanc. This was the view which we had, when we ate our meals (as we often did) outside, beneath a spreading linden-tree, where "we ate and drank and saw God also." The beauty of nature, however, is not what attracted me most at the farm, but the character of the people. It is indeed worthy of note. The word "peasant" has acquired a pejorative signification for most Americans, and the comic illustrations of the German *bauer* in such papers as the *Fliegende Blätter*, or the descriptions of the French peasants in Zola's *La Terre*, certainly do not tend to win our respect for the tiller of the soil in Europe. Let the following facts serve to counteract this evil notion. The Swiss farmer, at any rate, is equal to the similar class in our own country.

The farm at Penau was owned by the widow of a Bernese peasant, but she herself was of old Vaudois stock. She was perhaps between fifty and sixty years of age, tall, straight, with a look of dignity, refinement, strength and command in all her bearing. Nor did her looks belie her. This woman who worked from 4 a. m. till 10 p. m., nearly every day, had yet found time for reading many good books. She was the personal friend of the late Urbain Olivier whose stories of Swiss peasant life have made him deservedly popular and beloved. In the general sitting-room of the old white farm-house, built in typical Vaudois style, the ornaments were largely of a religious nature. Mottoes such as "Moi et ma maison nous servirons l'Eternel" (As for me and my house we will serve the Eternal), hang upon the wall. The books are all either of an agricultural or religious nature. In these days when American goods seem to be overflowing Europe, it may be of interest to note that even American religious books are very popular in Switzerland. Here in our farm-house we found translations of Sheldon's *In His Steps* and of the *Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss.* Our landlady had two

grown sons, both of whom worked on the farm, although one was lieutenant in the army and the other was president of the cantonal Y. M. C. A. Both were married and lived at home. A more harmonious family I never saw; all the farming operations went on smoothly without a hitch and every one deeply enjoyed the life of labour, hard as it was. No more idyllic picture had I ever seen than when on a summer evening, as the sun was setting, we all went out to the fields, children as well as men and women, to rake hay. The rays of the setting sun flushed with rosy light the fields, the hills and valleys, the broad surface of the lake, and the distant snow-peaks of the Grand Combin. And when the work was done, the wagon started on its way to the great barn, the young men walking beside it whistling, while the old lady and her daughter-in-law moved homeward with their rakes thrown across their shoulders. As I looked on this scene involuntarily the lines of Horace came to my mind:

"Happy the man in busy schemes unskilled,
Who living simply like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold."

One of the pleasantest features about travelling is the people we meet, and the friends we make. Here at Penau came during the summer some very interesting people. There was a lady and her children from Paris, where her husband was a professor; and at the same time her mother, from Aix, in the Rhone Valley, a charming, refined, thoroughly religious old lady. She was the widow of a French-Swiss pastor; and one day when I expressed my surprise at finding a translation of the work of Mrs. Prentiss in this out-of-the-way place, she said, with a pleasant smile: "Ce sont nos amis, Monsieur" (they are our friends), and it turned out that it was to her home that Mrs. Prentiss went with her husband to seek health and strength for the latter as she relates in her *Life and Letters*. I can still hear the sweet, pleasant voice of this charming old lady, as I came to take her hand and say farewell to her, "Dieu vous bénisse, Monsieur" (May God bless you, sir).

But by far the most interesting of all people we met at Penau was an old Waldensian pastor, who for fifty years had filled the humble but useful office of pastor of the people of the mountain valleys in northern Italy;

preaching on Sundays in the little chapel to an audience which came from far and near to hear the words of the gospel; making his pastoral calls in valley and on mountain side. He was a true picture of the faithful pastor described by Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village:*

"At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place,
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Monsieur Micol had come to Lake Geneva to convalesce after a severe illness, and we had many a delightful walk together over the hills, through the pleasant groves that are so well cared for by the Swiss commune to which they belong. I remember especially

one Sunday evening when he preached to all the people on the farm, the proprietress and her sons and daughters, the servants and farm-hands, and the summer visitors. The room was low and dark, lighted only by a dim lamp, so that we could hardly see each other's faces. And when he had read the scriptures and prayed, and we had sung a hymn, M. Micol stood up and told the story of his people, of the persecutions against them; how especially, after the council of Trent, fanaticism brought death and disaster upon them; how, in 1655, an army composed partly of French troops of Louis XIV, partly of Irish soldiers, who had fled before Cromwell, entered the Vaudois valleys and spread destruction on all sides, treating the people with such horrid barbarity that the conscience of Europe was aroused and England under Cromwell called on the Protestant powers to join in remonstrance to the Duke of Savoy and the French King. It was at this time that Milton wrote his famous sonnet (though M. Micol of course knew nothing of this):

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones,
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not; in the book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

But the most dramatic of all incidents told by Pastor Micol was the persecution after the Revocation of the Edict de Nantes, in 1685, which aimed at the complete extermination of the Vaudois of the Alps. Finally a remnant of 2,600 were allowed to retire in safety to Geneva. But the loss of their native valley was strong among the exiles, and in 1689 one of their pastors, Henri Arnaud, led a band of eight hundred men back to reconquer their native land. I have on my table before me as I write a little book, given to me by Pastor Micol, on which this heroic return, the "Glorieuse Rentrée," as they call it, of the Vaudois, is described by the leader of the expedition himself. The long title of the book which is dedicated to Queen Anne of Great

Britain, gives an idea of its contents: "The history of the glorious return of the Vaudois into their valleys; where can be seen a troop of these people, never amounting to a thousand persons, sustaining a war against the King of France and against the Duke of Savoy; opposing their army of 20,000 men; opening way for themselves through Savoy and the Upper Dauphiné; defeating the enemy several times and finally miraculously reëntering into their ancestral lands, maintaining themselves there by force of arms, and reëstablishing there the worship of God, which for three years and a half had been prohibited. All this has been collected from the memoirs which were faithfully made concerning all that had taken place in this war of the Vaudois, and published through the care and at the expense of Henri Arnaud, Pastor and Colonel of the Vaudois."

But the limits of this book warn us that it is time to leave this beautiful country. In so doing I am reminded of four lines written on the card of a theological student of Paris, and nailed on the door of the room next to mine at Penau. It had remained there since the preceding summer:

"Les temps s'en va, on parle, on rit,
On entre, on sort;
Quoi! déjà l'été, déjà l'automne,
Déjà l'hiver, déjà la mort!"

(The time passes on, we speak and laugh,
We go out and in again;
What! Summer already! Autumn already!
Winter already! Death already!)

For time indeed passes, our summer is over, and in autumn and winter, Switzerland is practically deserted by travellers. But not without a certain elevation of thought, a deeper feeling for the majesty of nature can we leave the keen air of these high altitudes, these rivers and lakes, these smiling villages and prosperous cities, these green valleys and snow-covered mountains.

It is no small benefit that comes to us when we leave occasionally the absorbing pursuits of everyday life to breathe for a time the higher and purer atmosphere of nature. Not merely do we receive bodily and mental recreation, but spiritual uplift as well. Nowhere can we taste so deeply the joys of elevated thoughts as in the mountain world of Switzerland. Nowhere do we experience so completely that mental and spiritual equilibrium, that sense of rest

and peace which it is in the power of Nature to give to those who know how to receive it.

And we cannot close this brief account, in which not only have we enumerated the chief objects of interest in Switzerland, but have also tried to give the various phases of its peculiar spirit, than by quoting the poem on *The Love of the Alps*, by John Addington Symonds:

"There was a time, ye mountains and ye streams,
  E'er yet I knew the might of your control;
But now where'er I go, your presence seems
  To fill the inmost chamber of my soul,
Restraining me in hours of sloth from wrong,
And prompting nobler thoughts when I am strong.

"You saw and heard me; not one weary hour
  Of all that waiting time was spent in vain;
For since I felt your strong prophetic power,
  Beat in the fiery pulse of heart and brain,
You have not left your servant day or night,
But are his ceaseless course of comfort and delight.

"There was no blinding vision, no loud cry
  Of thunderous adjurations, when my soul
Felt that the consecrating grace was nigh,
  And heard the heavenly gates asunder roll,
And saw the hallowed mysteries, and trod
The sounding chambers of the house of God.

"Sunsetting and sunrising, silent stars
  In dim procession through the untroubled sky,
Still winds that came and went, and noisy jars
  Of whirlwinds battling with the clouds on high,
The solitary voices of the floods,
Flowers, and deep places of primeval woods;

"These wrought the change; for these from childhood's dawn,
  Had nurtured me; thoughtless, as through the rites
Of due initiation, I was drawn
  Into communion with those sacred heights,
On which God's glory broodeth as a cloud,
Which with the voice of very God are loud."

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